THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JUNE, 1806.

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Embellished with, I. *Portrait of Robert Shaw, Huntsman.*—II. *An Engraving of The Royal Eagle,*

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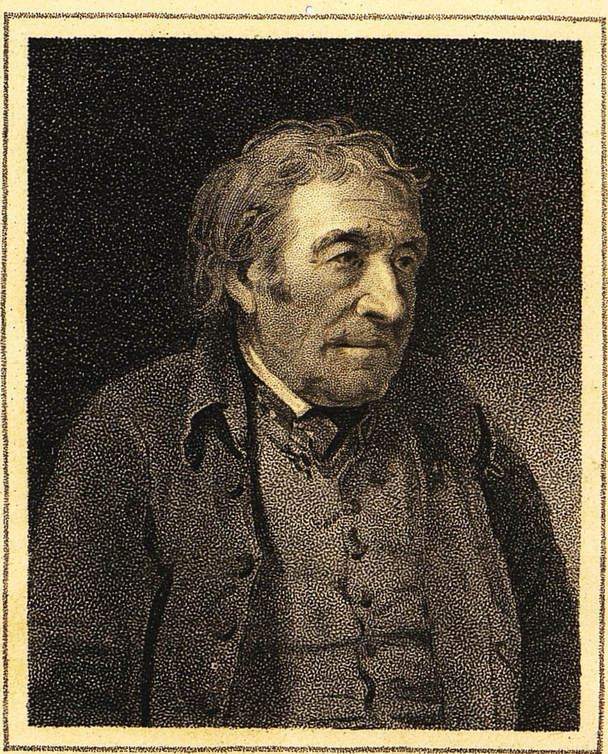
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE friendly advice relative to our Rambles will be duly appreciated.

Several Correspondents will perceive their favours in this month's publication.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



H R Cook Sculp.

Robᵗ. Shaw Aged 84,

Huntsman To Thoˢ. Lister Parker Esq.ʳ

Pubᵈ. July 1, 1826, by J Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JUNE, 1806.

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT SHAW,

AGED 84, huntsman to Thomas Lister Parker, Esq. of Browsholme, near Preston, Lancashire.

It was our wish here to have given some account of this Celebrated Huntsman, in order that the plate and particulars might go together, but as the latter has not yet come to hand, we must defer it till next month.

BIBURY & CHELMSFORD RACES.

BIBURY.—Monday, June 23.—The Sweepstakes of 100gs each, was won by Lord F. Bentinck's Bagatelle, rode by Mr. D. Radcliffe; beating Lord Sackville's Witchcraft.—Five to 4 on Witchcraft.—The Sherborne Stakes was won by Mr. Howorth's Enterprise, rode by Mr. D. Radcliffe; beating General Grosvenor's Enchanter, Mr. Kellermann's Heeltap, and Mr. Howorth's Langton.—Even betting on Enchanter.—Won easy. The Welter Stakes was won by Mr. Douglas's Ducat, beating Mr. Andrew's Garland, and the Duke of St. Albans's b m by Young Eclipse.—Mr. Stratton's Witchcraft, by Oberton, also started, and won the second and third heats, but being disqualified, the Stakes was given to Mr. Douglas. In running for the second heat, Mr. Douglas broke his stirrup, and fell, but fortunately received no injury.—Ducat was rode in by another person.—Two to 1 on Ducat; after the first heat, 10 to 1 he won. Mr. Howorth's Norval received forfeit from Lord F. Bentinck's Mirmillo.

CHELMSFORD.—First day, Tuesday June 24.—The Queen's Plate of 100gs was won by Sir Charles Bunbury's br f Lydia, beating Mr. Waddington's Epsom-Lass. Same day, a match for 50gs was won by Mr. Morland's Honeysuckle, beating Mr. Child's Osmyn.

The Steward's Plate of 50l. on Wednesday was won by Mr. Cave Brown's ch m Laura, beating Epsom-Lass.

A MORE particular account will be given of all the sport, at the above Races, in the Racing Calendar of our next number.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF JACK TAR,

The Property of Thomas Tarleton, Esq. of Cheshire.

HE was got by John Bull; his dam by Sir Peter Teazle; grandam, Mr. Pratt's Nelly, by Otho, (sire of Coxcomb, Dorimant, &c.); great grandam, Redrose, (Balladsinger, Orange-Girl, and

Chorus's dam) by Babram, Blaze, Fox, Mr. Darley's Arabian, out of a daughter of Merlin.

Performances.—At Chester, May 1, 1804, Jack Tar won a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, (Four Subscribers) for three years old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. once round the Course and a distance, beating Gayman and Mony-Musk:—Five to 4 against Gayman.

At Newton, June 13, he won a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, (Six Subscribers) 8st. 3lb. each, two miles, beating Lord Grey's b. c. by John Bull, out of Brunette:—Five to 2 on Jack Tar. And on the same day, at 6st. 10lb. he won the 50l. Plate, two-mile heats, beating Mr. Ackers's Hebe, 6st. 11lb.; and Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Star:—Hebe the favourite; after the heat, 5 to 1 on Jack Tar.

At Nantwich, July 12, he won a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, (Eight Subscribers) 8st. 3lb. each, two miles, beating Gayman and Optician:—Six to 4 on Jack Tar.

At Preston, July 17, he won a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 30gs added, (Eight Subscribers) colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 7st. 13lb. two miles, beating Mr. Linton's Gratitude, by Shuttle; Mr. W. Walker's br. c. by Sir Peter Teazle; Lord Darlington's Green-Dragon, by St. George; Sir W. Gerard's Young Chariot, and Mr. Walker's Sir Sidney:—Two to 1 against Green-Dragon, 5 to 2 against the Sir Peter Teazle colt, 3 to 1 against Jack Tar, 5 to 1 against Young Chariot, 6 to 1 against Gratitude, and 10 to 1 against Sir Sidney. A very severe race, and won by only a head.

At Chester, May 7, 1805, Jack Tar, 8st. 12lb. won the Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs, for four-year olds and upwards, three times round the Course, beating Hebe, 4 years old, 8st. 6lb.; Skylark, 4 years old, 8st. 2lb.; Green-Dragon, 4 years old, 8st. 2lb.; Cockspinner, 5 years old, 9st, &c. —Three to 1 on Jack Tar, who won easy. And the next day, at 9st. 12lb. He won a sweepstakes of 20gs each, (Six Subscribers) two miles, beating Gayman, 4 years old, 7st. 12lb.; Josephina, 4 years old, 7st. 9lb.; and Baron Bull, 5 years old, 8st. 10lb.—Two and 3 to 1 on Jack Tar, who won easy.

At York August Meeting, at 8st. 5lb. He was engaged in a Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. two miles, against Quid, 8st.; Young Chariot, 7st. 13lb; and three others; when he unfortunately fell lame the week before running.

At Chester, May 6, 1806, Jack Tar started for the Earl of Chester's Plate, when he broke down in running the second time round the Course, and by which accident he disappointed thousands. This was the only time of his ever being beat. He has since been advertised for a Stallion, at Bolesworth-Castle, Cheshire, at five guineas a mare, and five shillings the groom.

RACES TO COME.

Ipswich	July	1
Morpeth		1
Stamford		1
Salisbury		2
Bridgenorth		3
Newmarket July Meeting		7
Milfield		8
Stockbridge		8
Ludlow		10
Preston		15
Swansea		16
Winchester		22
Knighton		22
Haverford-West		28
Knutsford		29

Blandford

Blandford		29
Edinburgh	Aug	4
Huntingdon		5
Newbury		5
Nottingham		5
York August Meeting		16
Reading		26
Northampton		27
Egham	Sept.	2
Lincoln		10
Kingscote		16
Newmarket 1st Oct Meet		29
——— 2d Oct. Meet.	Oct.	13
——— Houghton Meeting		27

COCKINGS.

MANCHESTER.

IN the Race-Week, a long Main of Cocks between Sir Windsor Hunloke, Bart. (Harrison, feeder) and R. G. Hopwood, Esq. (Potter, feeder) for 10gs a Battle, and 100gs the Main.

	Harrison. M	*Potter.* M
First day	4	2
Second day	1	5
Third day	0	6
Fourth day	4	2
Fifth day	9	3
	18	18

Before fighting, 6 to 4 on Potter.

NEWTON.

IN the Race-Week, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, (Goodall, feeder) and Richard Croose, Esq (Gilliver, feeder) for 10gs a Battle, and 200gs the Main.

	Goodhall. M	B	*Gilliver.* M	B
Tuesday	6	1	2	1
Wednesday	1	0	7	1
Thursday	4	1	10	1
Friday	5	1	3	1
	16	3	22	4

YORK.

IN the York Spring Meeting Week, a long Main of Cocks was fought between H. F. Mellish, Esq. (Potter, feeder) and Sir F. Boynton, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) for 20gs a Battle, and 1000gs the Main.

	Potter. M	B	*Thompson.* M	B
Monday	3	3	3	0
Tuesday	4	2	2	1
Wednesday	5	1	1	2
Thursday	2	2	4	3
Friday	5	1	2	2
Saturday	2	1	5	2
	21	10	17	10

Before fighting, Potter the favourite; after Monday's fight, even betting; after Tuesday's fight, 5 to 4 on Potter; after Wednesday's fight, 6 and 7 to 4 on Potter; after Thursday's fight, 5 and 6 to 4 on Potter; after Friday's fight, 3 and 4 to 1 on Potter.—The Cocks on both sides fought remarkably well. There was a full Pit every day, and great betting.—Mr. Mellish sported freely, and was the chief winner.—He also won on the two races.

BEVERLEY.

IN the Race-week, a Main of Cocks was fought between Sir F. Boynton, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) and Richard Watt, Esq. (Sunley, feeder) for 10gs a Battle, and 200gs the Main.

	Thompson. M	*Sunley.* M
Wednesday	3	1
Thursday	5	4
Friday	6	3
Saturday	1	4
	15	12

Before fighting, Sunley the favourite; after which, Thompson the favourite every day.

SELECT

SELECT SPORTING ARTICLES.

We have authority to inform those whom it may concern, that His Majesty's Plates for the present year, will be paid the moment the certificates are produced at the proper office.—*Racing Calender, No. 5, June 12.*

In the Epsom Meeting, Mr. Mellish purchased of Lord Egremont, Trafalgar, Jerboa, and the Bay Colt, by Gohanna, out of Catherine, (sister to Colibri, the dam of Cardinal Beaufort) with their engagements, for 2500gs.—*Trafalgar* was got by Gohanna; his dam, (Humbug and Reptile's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, (Chanticleer and Young Woodpecker's dam) by Eclipse, out of Rosebud, the dam of Clandon, Nelly, Vermin, &c.—*Jerboa* was also got by Gohanna; her dam, Camilla, (Colibri, Condor, Catherine, and Crazy Poetess's dam) by Trentham; grandam, Coquette, (Glider, Driver, and Darter's dam) by Mr. Compton's Barb, out of Regulus's sister, the dam of Juggler, Trap, Filch, Tartuffe, Folly, &c. *Trafalgar* is engaged in the Pavilion Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. (seventeen Subscribers); and in the Egremont Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. (eight Subscribers) both at Brighton;—and the *Bay Colt*, out of Catherine, is also engaged in the Pavilion Stakes; and in the Hippocampus's Stakes of 50gs each, (eleven Subscribers) at Brighton.—Mr. Mellish has since matched Trafalgar twice at York, see our Sporting Intelligence Extra, page 37.

Preston Races, which were to commence on the eighth of July next, are altered to the *fifteenth* of that month; the former being the Newmarket July Meeting week.

Edinburgh Races are to commence on Monday the 4th of August. The Stewards are the Earl of Kinnoul, Lord Primrose, Sir George Warrender, and James Dewar, Esq. of Vogrie.—The plates will be the same as last year.

Jockey-club.—The following Gentlemen of the Jockey-Club dined on Saturday with Lord George Henry Cavendish:—The Duke of St. Albans, Lord Henry Fitzroy, Lord Foley, Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne, Hon. Berkeley Craven, Hon. George Watson, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Sir John Shelley, Sir Frank Standish, Colonel Leigh, Mr. C. Norton, Mr. Arthur Shakespear, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, &c.—After dinner several new Matches were made, for which see our Sporting Intelligence Extra, page 36.

On Thursday in the York Spring Meeting, the celebrated race-horse, Brandon, the property of Lord Belhaven, was sold to Mr. James Nalton, of the Globe, in the Market-Place, Malton, for 210gs.——For his Pedigree, see the Sporting Magazine for April, page 10.—His performances will be given in a future number. He is intended for a Stallion. At the same sale, a Bay Colt, three years old, by Benningbrough, out of Lady Mary's dam, by Highflyer, out of an Old Marsk Mare, was sold with his engagements, to Mr. N. B. Hodgson, of Brafferton, near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.—He is engaged in a 20gs Stakes at Newcastle; a 30gs Stakes, 10gs forfeit, at York August Meeting; and in the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster. Also a Bay Filly, three years old, by Benningbrough; dam by Highflyer; grandam by Conductor, was sold to Mr. F. Collinson, of Middleham, Yorkshire.—She is engaged in the Filly Stakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added,

added, (eleven Subscribers) at Doncaster.

On the same day, Mr. Mellish purchased of Mr. Myles, a Brown Filly, by Hambletonian, dam by Trumpator, out of Cinderella, by Dungannon, for 101gs.—He has since matched her against Mr. Wentworth's ches filly, by Ormond, at York, see our Sporting Intelligence Extra, page 37.

At the above meeting, Mr. Read Denham, of Chesterfield, Derbyshire, purchased a Bay Gelding, called *Crafty*, bred by Mr. W. Fletcher, of Boroughbridge, for 70gs. He is own brother to Malta, by Buzzard, out of the Match'em Mare, grandam of Staveley, Esther, &c.

The great Shooting Match, which took place at Manchester for 200gs on the 9th instant, was won by Ainsworth and Jackson, nine a-head, out of 31. They shot with ball. The distance was 100 yards. The winners averaged nearly three inches every shot. There was much betting. Ainsworth, the elder, offered to shoot with any man in England for 1000gs.

The great Bowling Match that took place at York, on the 7th instant, between John Ray, of Ashbourn, and Cook, the Great Birmingham bowler, for 50gs a-side, was won by the former, seven a-head.

Wicklow Races commenced on Monday, May 26, upon the murragh of Wicklow. The weather being remarkably fine, the spectators and company were immense from all quarters. At three o'clock in the day, three mares started for the prize of 50l. One a grey, belonging to Mr. Whaley; another a bay, Captain Gore's, of Wicklow; the third the property of Mr. Font. There were two heats, each four rounds of that part allotted as the Course. There never was finer running than on the first. Mr. Whaley's mare on coming to the Winning-Post, having the advantage of about two lengths of the others, an ideot well known in the county of Wicklow, named Jemmy Healey, ran into the way on the Course, when Mr. Whaley's mare ran agst him, killed the poor creature, fell herself, and hurt her Jockey so much, by rolling over him in the fall, that his recovery is doubtful. The mare that would have won, thus unluckily lost this heat. It was adjudged to Captain Gore's mare. Mr. Whaley drew his mare in consequence of the accident, and his Jockey not being able to ride, so much sport was lost. The sensation that this unlucky accident created on the Course was immense, from the crowd it drew to the unfortunate spot. Mr. Whaley's disappointment was great, and the attention he shewed to his Jockey after the fall, did honour to his humanity; he carried him away from the Course for medical aid, in his curricle. Thus was the great sport expected, prevented by accident. The next heat was run by the other two mares, and Captain Gore's won easy.

Mr. Corsellis, who was the purchaser of the grey hound, *Young Snowball*, from Mr. Swinfen, is now the leading courser of the Marlborough Meeting, where his breed has done wonders.

The pedigree of an English bull is advertised in an Irish Newspaper, with this N. B. "That he is related to the first *blood* in York."

On Friday, May 23, after the Oaks' Stakes had been run on Epsom Downs, Mr. Mellish mounted his

his horse, and rode to Westminster, (a distance of 16 miles) where he remained on business with a Gentleman for forty minutes, and drank a bottle of Champaigne; after which he took his horse, and rode three miles beyond Epsom Downs, to Mr. Ladbroke's, within two hours and fifty minutes of the time he first left the Course.

In 1792, Lord Viscount Barnard, (the present Earl of Darlington) after the conclusion of the great Oatlands' Stakes, (won by Mr. Bullock's Toby) rode from the Duke's Stand on Newmarket Heath, to Bolton-House, London, in four hours and forty minutes, alternately on three of his Lordship's horses. The distance sixty miles.

At Newcastle, Tuesday, June 24, Lord Belhaven sold Lady Mary to N. B. Hodgson, Esq. of Brafferton, near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.—She was got by Benningbrough; her dam by Highflyer, out of an old Marsk Mare.

From the number of accidents that have happened by the intemperance of drivers, and the crowds on the Course at Epsom, it has been agreed there shall not be any Races run after dinner: and it is imagined both the Derby and the Oaks' Stakes will shortly be transferred to some other place.

Accident.—As Colonel Campbell was driving his barouche, four in hand, up St. James's-street, on Sunday, June 22, with Captain Caulfield, brother to Sir George Caulfield, on the box with him, the foot-board gave way, and they fell upon the horses, which took fright, and ran up St. James's-street, where they came in contact with the wheel of a coach, which checked their progress. There were four ladies in the barouche, who received no injury. The two gentlemen were taken to White's; and it was feared, at first, that Captain Caulfield's leg was broken; but upon examination, it proved that only a small bone in the ancle was injured, and that not dangerously. Col. Campbell was not much hurt.

ROWING MATCHES.

ASTLEY'S annual Prize Wherry was rowed for on Monday the 23d inst. by six pair of sculls. The competitors started from Westminster Bridge at the usual time, and the first heat was won by Robert Barrow, of Blackfriars; James Cannon of Bankside; and Thomas Overton of Limehouse. At the second heat, which decided the contest, Barrow, who evinced much skill in rowing, took the lead of Cannon, and came in about half a boat's length before him. He was consequently declared victor, and received his prize at the Amphitheatre, amidst the usual applause. The river was covered with boats filled with gay spectators; and several aquatic pugilistic encounters took place among the element dashers, many of whom attempted to *foul* the race.

On Tuesday the 10th instant, the rowing match between the Lion and the Dove, was determined in the reaches between Carrow Abbey and Witlingham, Norfolk. Much anticipation among the lovers of aquatic exercises was excited. The boats started about 8 o'clock, but the superiority of the Lion was manifest from the beginning to the end of the contest. The distance was about five miles, and the winning boat performed it in less than 35 minutes. The parties adjourned to Mr. Pull's, the Ferry-house, where hours of conviviality succeeded to moments of opposition.

ASSAULT

ASSAULT AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Court of King's Bench, May 24.

THE KING *v.* JUKES.

THIS was an indictment against the defendant for an assault upon Mr. Henry Erskine Johnston, of this theatre.

Mr. Parke, for the prosecution, stated, that to the present charge the defendant had pleaded not guilty; but that another of the name of Mingay, who was in as great a degree culpable, had admitted judgment to go by default. The case to be submitted to the Jury would represent to the Court an evil which had grown to a considerable magnitude, and which every good man, and every father of a family, had constant reason to lament and reprobate. The conduct of the defendant was most disgraceful, and such as, if permitted, would render places of public amusement unfit to be resorted to by any persons, much less by those under whose protection were placed wives and daughters, and who had the smallest regard for the purity of their morals. The behaviour complained of, was such as would disgrace those to whom the management of the theatres was intrusted, and if it were continued, would render necessary an application to the Lord Chamberlain. The offence was committed in a play-house, and if the facts which had been stated to him were supported in evidence, they would shew, that the defendant was unworthy the character of a gentleman; and should the jury find him guilty, it would be the province of his Lordship to assign an adequate punishment, when he should be brought up to receive the sentence of the Court. Mr. Henry Erskine Johnston, whom Mr. Parke had no doubt the jury had often seen on the public boards, and whose name would naturally strike their attention, was married to a lady of unexceptionable character, an actress, who on the evening when this offence was committed was to appear in that capacity. A new piece was to be performed, in which the prosecutor had no part, but in which Mrs. Johnston was to sustain a character. From this circumstance he was naturally induced to attend the theatre, and was seated with a party of friends in one of the upper boxes. He attended without meaning to give offence to any person; and it would be impossible to suppose, that he who derived his subsistence from public favour, should go there for the purpose of exciting any disapprobation. Among the friends accompanying the prosecutor, were several young ladies of most respectable character. The defendant Jukes, and Mr. Mingay, entered the adjoining box, accompanied by two women of the town, and in the same box with them were a gentleman and his wife from the country. As soon as the defendant and his companions had taken their seats, they began talking and making their observations in so loud a voice, that it was impossible any part of the performance could be heard. Mr. Johnston at first declinedto interfere, and several gentlemen demanded silence without effect. At last Mr. Johnston was induced to interpose, and repeated the orders of silence in a louder tone. The defendant was provoked by this, to use the most indelicate language respecting Mrs. Johnston, which no man in the prosecutor's situation could patiently endure. The defendant and Mr. Mingay continued their remarks on Mrs. Johnston, commencing

with the ridicule of her dress, and proceeding to the most indelicate expressions with regard to her character, which decency would not permit Mr. Parke to repeat, farther than was connected with obtaining the substantial ends of justice.—They said she was too good for that ugly fellow, Rugantino—alluding to a character which Mr. Johnston had supported.—And observing an ornament upon her head in honour of the victory of Lord Nelson, they continued—"she carries a ship on her head," was the observation of one. Another observed, "I suppose she takes in any passengers who may offer themselves." Mr. Johnston was so much shocked at this discourse, that he rose from his seat to quit the theatre. The defendant was lounging close to the partition of the box, and extended his body so far over the next, that it was utterly impossible for Mr. Johnston to pass without touching him; and as he was retiring, he accidentally brushed Mr. Jukes's arm, but the prosecutor would swear that he had not the least design of giving the defendant any affront. Without farther provocation Mr. Jukes immediately rose, and gave Mr. Johnston a severe blow at the back of the head, which occasioned him to fall upon a gentleman of the name of Keating. Mr. Johnston was greatly irritated, and, recovering himself, returned the blow, and struck the defendant in the eye. The question would turn upon the point, of which of these two persons committed the first assault? Upon this subject the jury would have it proved to them, that Mr. Jukes was the aggressor. The learned counsel, whenever he went to the theatre, which was very seldom, dreaded to take any lady with him, lest she should be exposed to insult. He pitied, as much as any man, those unfortunate women who constantly attended public places to mislead young men, and he hoped that society would keep up those distinctions, without which all decorum must be resigned. The jury by their verdict, and the punishment attending it, would deter those box-lobby loungers who take pleasure in insulting the feelings of individuals, and in breaking the public peace, from such outrages in future.

Mr. Henry Erskine Johnston was then examined; he said, that while he was seated in one of the second tier of boxes, Mr. Mingay entered with two women of infamous character, of the name of Martin and Ross. Mr. Jukes, in a few minutes afterwards, came in and joined their company. These persons endeavoured to attract the attention of the people surrounding them, by their premature condemnation of Mr. Reynolds's new play of "The Delinquent." The defendant and Mr. Mingay, (the witness having been pointed out to them) commenced a volley of abuse against him. Of this no notice was taken, but when Mrs. H. Johnston appeared on the stage, they ridiculed her dress, and proceeded to use terms derogatory to her character. Many persons present demanded silence, and the witness, irritated at their indecent conduct, rose from his seat, and exclaimed, that if he were not a public man, he would turn those fellows out of the box. The witness then went into the detail of the minute circumstances attending the assault. On his cross examination, he said, that he was peculiarly anxious for the success of the play, which was written by his friend. He did not demand silence till the efforts of other people were unavailing. Afterwards they continued their personal remarks with more clamour,

our, so that several persons present observed, that they wondered how Harry Johnston could sit there, and be a silent auditor of such abuse. The witness then was proceeding to procure a constable, when he received the blow.

Lord Ellenborough.—The conduct of Mr. Johnston was very becoming in his situation.

On the cross-examination being continued, he said he had never practised boxing since he was educated at the High School of Edinburgh. When the witness was struggling with Mr. Jukes, Mr. C. Kemble requested him not to strike the defendant, as he was too much for him.

Miss Phillips, Mr. Keating, and Francis Gleissner, one of the boys who perform at the German theatre, confirmed the above testimony.

Sir V. Gibbs, after some conversation with the counsel for the prosecution, observed, that the case was not unfit for private investigation.

Mr. Parke answered, that he had no objection to a reference, and assured his Lordship that the ends of justice would not be evaded.—In consequence, a verdict of guilty was recorded.

COXCOMBS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

FROM the comprehensive title of your distinguished publication, I have frequently been induced to expect some occasional remarks on our theatrical exhibitions, as these are subjects by no means uninteresting to a considerable proportion of the sporting world.

Comic writers, in all ages, have been most successful in delineating those features of whimsicality, which are necessary to the composition of a coxcomb; a character more or less prevalent in all states and climates. In this country, where fashionable eccentricities are constantly subject to fluctuation, characters of such a cast are susceptible of greater variety; and it might possibly be productive of some amusement, to select from the most celebrated artists, distinct representations of the manners of their respective ages. It may indeed be objected that these copies are not always correct likenesses; but though the features may sometimes be slightly distorted, a resemblance will still be discernible. The higher order of coxcombs, termed by the French, *Exaggérés*, serve perhaps, more strongly to mark the peculiarities of the times than any others. I can recollect no authors who have portrayed these characters so skilfully as Sir George Etherege and Colley Cibber. If we contrast the fops of their days, with those of our own, we shall immediately perceive the revolution and caprice of fashion. For a sample of the last, it will be necessary to have recourse to the works of Colman; a single scene from each of these writers may serve for an illustration.

The dialogue immediately following is taken from "The man of Mode," a comedy, written by the celebrated Sir George Etherege, and incomparably the best of his dramatic productions. The two other extracts are from "Love's last Shift," and "John Bull."

THE MAN OF MODE.

SCENE—LADY TOWNLEY'S.

Enter SIR FOPLING FLUTTER *with his Page after him.*

Sir Fopling. Page, wait without. Madam, *(to Lady Townley)* I kiss your

your hands; I see yesterday was nothing of chance, the *belles assemblées* form themselves here every day. Lady, your servant *(to Emilia)*—Dorimant let me embrace thee; without lying, I have not met with any of my acquaintance who retain so much of Paris as thou dost; the very air thou hadst when the Marquis mistook thee in the Thuilleries, and cried "hey, Chevalier!"—and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor. I would fain wear in fashion as long as I can, Sir, 'tis a thing to be valued in men, as well as bawbles.

Sir Fop. Thou art a man of wit and understandst the town; prithee, let thee and I be intimate, there is no living without making some good man the confident of our pleasures.

Dor. 'Tis true, but there is no man so improper for such a business as I am.

Sir Fop. Prithee, why hast thou so modest an opinion of thyself?

Dor. Why first, I could never keep a secret in my life; and then there's no charm makes me so infallibly fall in love with a woman, as my knowing a friend loves her. I deal honestly with you.

Sir Fop. Thy humour is very gallant, or let me perish; I knew a French Count so like thee—

Lady Townley. Wit, I perceive, has more power over you than beauty, Sir Fopling, else you would not have let this lady stand so long neglected.

Sir Fop. A thousand pardons, Madam, *(to Emilia)* some civilities due of course, upon the meeting a long absent friend. The eclat of so much beauty, I confess, ought to have charm'd me sooner.

Emil. The *brillant* of so much good language, Sir, has much more power than the little beauty I can boast.

Sir Fop. I never saw any thing prettier than this high work on your point d'Espaigne.

Emil. 'Tis not so rich as point de Venice.

Sir Fop. Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more proper for the season: Dorimant, is not that Medley?

Dor. The same, Sir.

Sir Fop. Forgive me, Sir, in this *embarras* of civility, I could not come to have you in my arms sooner. You understand an equipage the best of any man in town, I hear.

Med. By my own, you would not guess it.

Sir Fop. There are critics who do not write, Sir.

Med. Our peevish poets will scarce allow it.

Sir Fop. Damn 'em, they'll allow no man wit who does not play the fool like themselves, and shew it.—Have you taken notice of the *galoche* I brought over?

Med. O yes, it has quite another air than the English makes.

Sir Fop. 'Tis as easily known from an English tumbril, as an Inn's of Court Man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly, there is a *bel air* in *galoches*, as well as men.

Med. But there are few so delicate as to observe it.

Sir Fop. The world is generally very *grossier* here indeed.

Town. He's very fine!

Emil. Extreme proper.

Sir Fop. A slight suit I had made to appear in, at my first arrival, not worthy your consideration, ladies.

Dor. The pantaloon is very well mounted.

Sir Fop. The tassels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a coat better cut.

Sir Fop. It makes me shew long waisted, and, I think, slender.

Dor. That's the shape our ladies dote on.

Med.

Med. Your breech, though, is a handful too high, in my opinion, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Peace, Medley, I have wished it lower a thousand times, but a pox on't 'twill not be.

Town. His gloves are well fringed, large, and graceful.

Sir Fop. I was always eminent for being *bien ganté*.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are originals of the most famous hands in Paris.

Sir Fop. You are in the right, Madam.

Town. The suit!

Sir Fop. Barriolage.

Emil. The garniture!

Sir Fop. Le gros.

Med. The shoes!

Sir Fop. Piccar.

Dor. The perriwig!

Sir Fop. Chedreux.

Town. & Emil. The gloves!

Sir Fop. Orangerie: you know the smell, ladies. Dorimant, I could find in my heart, for an amusement, to have a gallantry with some of our English ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the reputation of your wit, than a duel will be to satisfy the town of your courage.

Sir Fop. Here was a woman yesterday——

Dor. Mistress Loveit?

Sir Fop. You have named her.

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

Sir Fop. Prithee, what is she?

Dor. A person of quality, and one who has a rest of reputation enough to make the conquest desirable:—besides, I hear she likes you.

Sir Fop. Methought she seemed very uneasy though, all the time I entertained her.

Dor. Grimace and affectation: you'll see her in the Mall to night.

Sir Fop. Prithee, let thee and I take the air together.

Dor. I'm engaged to Medley, but I'll meet you at St. James's, and give you some information upon which you may regulate your proceedings.

Sir Fop. All the world will be in the park to night: Ladies, 'twere pity to keep so much beauty longer within doors, and rob the ring of all those charms which should adorn it. Hey! Page! *(enter page and goes out again.)*—See that all my people be ready! Dorimant, *a revoir!*

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

Sir Novelty Fashion, *and* Sir William Wisewould.

Sir Will. Sir Novelty, your servant. Have you any commands for me, Sir?

Sir Nov. I have some proposals to make, Sir, concerning your happiness and my own, which perhaps will surprise you. In a word, Sir, I am upon the very brink of matrimony.

Sir Will. 'Tis the best thing you can pursue, Sir, considering you have a good estate.

Sir Nov. But whom do you think I intend to marry!

Sir Will. I can't imagine. Dear Sir, be brief, lest your delay transport me into a crime I would avoid, which is, impatience. Sir, pray go on.

Sir Nov. In fine, Sir, 'tis to your very daughter, the fair Narcissa.

Sir Will. Humph!—Pray, Sir, how long have you had this in your head?

Sir Nov. These two hours, Sir.

Sir Will. Very good! then you han't slept upon't!

Sir Nov. No, nor shan't sleep for thinking on't. Did not I tell you, I would surprise you?

Sir

Sir Will. O you have indeed, Sir, I am amaz'd! I am amaz'd!

Sir Nov. Well, Sir, and what think you of my proposal?

Sir Will. Why truly, Sir, I like it not: but if I did, 'tis now too late; my daughter is disposed of to a gentleman that she and I like very well. At present, Sir, I have a little business; if this be all, I am your humble servant; I am in haste.

Sir Nov. Demme what an insensible blockhead is this! Hold Sir; d'ye hear!—Is this all the acknowledgment you make for the honour I designed you?

Sir Will. Why truly, Sir, 'tis an honour that I am not ambitious of: In plain terms, I do not like you for a son-in-law.

Sir Nov. Now you speak to the purpose, Sir: but prithee, what are thy objections to me?

Sir Will. Why in the first place, Sir, you have too great a passion for your own person, to have any for your wife's. In the next place, you take such an extravagant care in the clothing of your body, that your mind goes naked for't. Had I a son so dressed, I should take the liberty to call him an egregious fop.

Sir Nov. I'gad, thou art a comical old gentleman; and I'll tell thee a secret:—understand then, from me, that all young fellows hate the name of fop, as women do the name of whore; but i'gad they both love the pleasure of being so: nay, faith, and 'tis as hard for some men to be fops, as you call 'em, as 'tis for some women to be whores.

Sir Will. That's pleasant i'faith. —Can't any man be a fop, or any woman be a whore that's a mind to't?

Sir Nov. No, faith, Sir; for let me tell you, 'tis not the coldness of my Lady Freelove's inclination, but her age and wrinkles that won't let her cuckold her husband. And again, 'tis not Sir John Woodlock's aversion to dress, but his want of a fertile genius, that won't let him look like a gentleman.—Therefore, in vindication of all well dress'd gentlemen, I intend to write a play, where my chiefest character shall be a downright English booby that affects to be a beau, without either genius or foreign education, and to call it, in imitation of * another famous comedy, "He would if He could." And now I think you're answer'd, Sir. Have you any exceptions to my birth or family, pray, Sir?

Sir Will. Yes, Sir, I have; you seem to be the offspring of more than one man's labour, for certainly no less than a dancing, singing, and fencing master, with a taylor, milliner, perfumer, perriwig-maker, and a French valet de chambre, could be at the begetting of you.

Sir Nov. All these have been at the finishing of me since I was made.

Sir Will. That is, heaven made you a man, and they have made a monster of you; and so farewell to ye!—*(is going.)*

Sir Nov. Hark ye, Sir! am I to expect no farther satisfaction in the proposals I made to you?

Sir Will. Sir—nothing makes a man lose himself like passion: now I presume you are young, and consequently rash upon a disappointment; therefore, to prevent any

* "She would if She could," written by Sir George Etherege, to which frequent allusion is made in the Spectator, and the writers of that day.

difference

difference that may arise upon my repeating my refusal of your suit, I do not think it convenient to hold any farther discourse with you.

Sir Nov. Nay, faith, thou shalt stay to hear a little more of my mind first.

Sir Will. Since you press me, Sir, I shall rather bear with, than resist you.

Sir Nov. I doubt, old gentleman, you have such a torrent of philosophy running through your pericranium, that it has washed your brains away.

Sir Will. Pray, Sir, why do you think so?

Sir Nov. Because you chuse a beggarly unaccountable sort of younger brotherish rake-hell, for your son-in-law, before a man of quality, estate, good parts, and breeding, demme.

Sir Will. Truly, Sir, I know neither of the persons to whom these characters belong; if you please to write their names under 'em, perhaps I may tell you if they be like or no.

Sir Nov. Why then, in short, I would have been your son-in-law, and you, it seems, prefer Young Worthy before me—Now, are your eyes open?

Sir Will. Had I been blind, Sir, you might have been my son-in-law; and if you were not blind, you would not think that I design my daughter for Young Worthy. His brother I think may deserve her.

Sir Nov. Then you are not jealous of Young Worthy? humph!

Sir Will. No, really, Sir, nor of you neither.

Sir Nov. Give me thy hand: thou art very happy, stop my vitals! for thou dost not see thou art blind. Not jealous of Young Worthy! ha! ha!——how now?

Enter Sir Novelty's *footman with a Porter.*

Servant. Sir, here's a porter with a letter for your honour?

Porter. I was ordered to give it into your own hand, Sir, and expect an answer.

Sir Nov. (*reads*) "Excuse, my dearest Sir Novelty, the forc'd indifference I have shewn you, and let me recompense your past sufferings with an hour's conversation after the play, at Rosamond's Pond, where you will find a hearty welcome to the arms of your Narcissa."

Unexpected happiness! the arms of your Narcissa! I'gad, and when I'm there I'll make myself welcome. Faith, I did not think she was so far gone neither.—But I don't question there are five hundred more in her condition. I have a good mind not to go, faith.—Yet hang it, I will, too, only to be revenged of this old fellow. Nay, I'll have the pleasure of making it public too, for I'll give her the music, and draw all the town to be witness of my triumph." Where's the lady? *(to the porter.)*

Port. In a hackney coach at the corner of the street.

Sir Nov. Enough: tell her I will certainly be there. *(exit porter.)* Well, old gentleman, you are resolved then, I shall be no kin to you? Your daughter is disposed of? humph!

Sir Will. You have your answer, Sir; you shall be no kin to me.

Sir Nov. Farewell, old philosophy! and, d'ye hear, I would advise you to study nothing but the art of patience; you may have an unexpected occasion for it. Hark you, would it not nettle you damnably to have a son of mine call you grandfather?

Sir Will. Sir————notwithstanding this provocation, I am calm;

calm; but were I like other men, a slave to passion, I should not forbear calling you impertinent.—How I swell with rising vexation! —Leave me, leave me; go Sir, go, get you out of my house.—*(angrily.)*

Sir Nov. Oh! have a care of passion dear Diogenes! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Will. So! *(sighing)* at last I have conquered it. Pray, Sir, oblige me with your absence, *(taking off his hat.)* I protest I am tired with you; pray leave my house. *(submissively.)*

Sir Nov. Damn your house, your family, your ancestors, your generation, and your eternal posterity.—*(Exit.)*

JOHN BULL.

SCENE—*A Library in the House of* SIR SIMON ROCHDALE—*Books scattered on a Writing Table—Chairs, &c.*

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON.

Shuff. Nobody up yet! *(enter servant.)* John, is it you? how do you do, John?

John. Thank your honour—I—

Shuff. Yes you look so; Sir Simon Rochdale in bed! Mr. Rochdale not risen! well, no matter—I've travelled all night though, to be with them: how are they?

John. Sir, they are both——

Shuff. I am glad to hear it; pay the post-boy for me.

John. Yes, Sir. I beg pardon, Sir, but when your honour left us—

Shuff. Owed you three pound five—I remember—I have you down in my memorandums; honourable, Tom Shuffleton debtor to— what's your name?

John. My Christian name, Sir, is—

Shuff. Muggins—I recollect.—Pay the post-boy, Muggins, and hark ye, take particular care of the chaise.—I borrowed it of my friend Bobby Fungus, who sprung up a Peer in the last bundle of Barons: if a single knob is knocked out of his new coronet, he'll make me a sharper speech than ever he'll produce in parliament—and, John—

John. Sir?

Shuff. What was I going to say, John?

John. Indeed, Sir, I can't tell.

Shuff. No more can I; 'tis the fashion to be absent—that's the way I forgot your little bill; there, run along, *(Exit John.)* I've the whirl of Bobby's chaise in my head still; curs'd fatiguing posting all night through Cornish roads to obey the summons of friendship: convenient in some respects for all that.—If all loungers of slender revenues like mine, could command a constant succession of invitations from men of estates in the country, how amazingly it would tend to the thinning of Bond Street. *(Throws himself into a chair near the table.)* Let me see, what has Sir Simon been reading? "Burn's Justice." True, the old man is reckoned the ablest magistrate in the county. He hasn't cut open the leaves I see.—"Chesterfield's letters." Pooh! his system of education is extinct. Belcher the Butcher's has superseded it.—"Clarendon's history of—

Enter SIR SIMON ROCHDALE.

Sir Sim. Ah! my dear Tom Shuffleton!

Shuff. Baronet, how are you?

Sir Sim. Such expedition is kind now; you got my letter at Bath?

Shuff. Saw it was pressing—cut all my engagements for you, and came off like a shot.

Sir Sim. Thank you, thank you heartily.

Shuff. Left every thing at sixes and sevens.

Sir

Sir Sim. Gad I'm sorry if—

Shuff. Don't apologize—nobody does now—left all my bill's in the place unpaid.

Sir Sim. Bless me, I've made it monstrous inconvenient.

Shuff. Not a bit. I give you my honour I did not find it inconvenient at all. How is Frank Rochdale?

Sir Sim. Why my son isn't up yet, and before he's stirring, do let me talk to you my dear Tom Shuffleton, I've something near my heart, that—

Shuff. Don't talk about your heart, Baronet, feeling is quite out of fashion.

Sir Sim. Well then, I'm interested in—

Shuff. Aye, stick to that: we make a joke of the heart now-a-days; but when a man mentions his interest we know he's in earnest.

Sir Sim. Zounds! I am in earnest: let me speak, and call my motive what you will.

Shuff. Speak, but don't be in a passion; we are always cool at the clubs; the constant habit of ruining one another teaches us temper —Explain.

Sir Sim. You know, my dear Tom, how much I admire your proficiency in the "New School" of breeding; you are what I call one of the highest finish'd fellows of the present day.

Shuff. Pshaw! Baronet, you flatter.

Sir Sim. No, I don't: only in extolling the newest fashioned manners and morals, I'm sometimes puzzled by the plain gentlemen, who listen to me most consumedly.

Shuff. I don't doubt it.

Sir Sim. Why t'was but t'other morning, I was haranguing old Sir Noah Starchington in my library, and explaining to him, the shining qualities of a dasher for the year 1803, and what do you think he did?

Shuff. Fell asleep.

Sir Sim. No: he pull'd down an English dictionary, when, if you'll believe me, he found my definition of stylish living, under the word "insolvency;" a fighting crop turn'd out a "dock'd bull dog;" and modern gallantry, "adultery and seduction."

Shuff. Noah Starchington is a damn'd old toadster: but the fact is, Baronet, we improve; we have voted many qualities to be virtues now, which we never thought of calling virtues formerly. The rising generation want a new dictionary damnably.

Sir Sim. Deplorably indeed! you can't think my dear Tom, what a deplorable figure you and the dashing fellows of your kidney, make in the old ones: but you have great influence over my son Frank, and I want you to exert it. You are his intimate; you come here and pass two or three months at a time, you know.

Shuff. Yes, this is a pleasant house.

Sir Sim. You ride his horses as if they were your own.

Shuff. Yes, he keeps a good stable.

Sir Sim. You drink our claret with him till his head aches.

Shuff. Your's is famous claret, Baronet.

Sir Sim. You worm out his secrets, you win his money—you—in short you are—

Shuff. His friend, according to the next new dictionary; that's what you mean, Sir Simon?

Sir Sim. Exactly: but let me explain. Frank—if he does not play the fool and spoil all—is going to be married.

Shuff. To how much?

Sir Sim. Damn it, now, how like a modern man of the world that is! formerly they would have asked to who?

Shuff. We never do now; fortune's every thing: we say "a good match," at the west end of the town, as they say "a good man," in the city—the phrase refers merely to money. Is she rich?

Sir Sim. Four thousand a year.

Shuff. What a develish desirable woman! Frank's a happy dog.

Sir Sim. He's a miserable puppy; he has no more notion, my dear Tom, of a modern good match, than Eve had of pin-money.

Shuff. What are his objections to it?

Sir Sim. I have smok'd'em—but he does not know that—a silly sly amour in another quarter.

Shuff. An amour! that's a very unfashionable reason for declining matrimony.

Sir Sim. You know his romantic flights: the blockhead I believe is so attached, I should not wonder if he flew off at a tangent, and married the girl that has bewitched him.

Shuff. Who is she?

Sir Sim. She!—hem—she lives with her father in Penzance.

Shuff. And who is he?

Sir Sim. He! upon my soul I'm asham'd to tell you.

Shuff. Don't be asham'd—we never blush at any thing in the new school.

Sir. Sim. Damn me, my dear Tom, if he isn't a brazier.

Shuff. The devil!

Sir Sim. A dealer in kitchen candlesticks, coal skuttles, coppers, and cauldrons.

Shuff. And is the girl pretty.

Sir Sim. So they tell me—a pretty plump little devil, as round as a tea-kettle.

Shuff. I'll be after the brazier's daughter to-morrow.

Sir Sim. You have weight with him; talk to him, my dear Tom, reason with him; try your power, Tom, do.

Shuff. I don't much like plotting with the father against the son—that's reversing the new school, Baronet.

Sir Sim. But it will serve Frank; it will serve me, who wish to serve you; and to prove that I do wish it, I have been keeping something in embryo for you, my dear Tom Shuffleton, against your arrival.

Shuff. For me?

Sir Sim. When you were last leaving us, if you recollect, you mentioned something in a kind of a way, a——a sort of intimation of an odd five hundred.

Shuff. Did I? I believe I might. When I intend to raise money I always give my friends the preference.

Sir Sim. I told you I was out of cash then, I remember, but I have the sum floating by me now, and much at your service. *(Presenting it.)*

Shuff. Why, as it is lying idle, baronet, I don't much care if I employ it. *(Taking it.)*

Sir Sim. Use your interest with Frank, now.

Shuff. Rely on me: shall I give you my note?

Sir Sim. No, my dear Tom, that's an unnecessary trouble.

Shuff. Why, that's true—with one who knows me so well as you.

Sir Sim. Your verbal promise to pay is full as good.

Shuff. I'll see if Frank's stirring.

Sir Sim. And I must talk to my steward.

Shuff. Baronet!

Sir Sim. Eh!

Shuff. Pray do you employ the phrase,

phrase, "verbal promise to pay," according to the reading of old dictionaries, or as it is the fashion to use it at present?

Sir Sim. Oh, damn it, choose your own reading, and I'm content. *(Exeunt.)*

Of these different portraits of fashionable *Tonists*, Sir Fopling is the most courtly, Sir Novelty the most entertaining, and the Honourable Mr. Shuffleton the most inartificial.

The degeneracy of the age is particularly observable in the existing race of coxcombs!!

SKETCH
OF
Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour through France.

It would be doing a great injustice to our readers, were we not to notice the truly splendid work which has recently issued from the pen of Colonel Thornton, a name well known to every sportsman, and whose observations have frequently enriched the pages of this magazine. It is intituled "A Sporting Tour through various parts of France, in the year 1802; including a concise description of the sporting establishments, mode of hunting, and other field amusements, as practised in that country; with general observations, on the arts, sciences, agriculture, husbandry, and commerce; strictures on the manners and customs of the French people; with a view of the comparative advantages of sporting in France and England. In a series of letters to the Right Hon. the Earl of Darlington. To which is prefixed an account of French wolf-hunting. By Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, Yorkshire. Illustrated with upwards of eighty correct and picturesque delineations from original drawings from nature, by Mr. Bryant and other eminent artists." In two volumes royal quarto, price £3 : 13 : 6.

Of the contents of this work, we shall now present a concise sketch, in order to convey some idea of the interest it cannot fail to excite. The variety of information, indeed, which this tour affords, must render its perusal agreeable to readers of every description; but to the amateur of sporting it will be peculiarly gratifying. The state of sporting in France, is a subject which may be said to be totally unknown on this side of the channel, and it must be acknowledged that no man can be better qualified than the author, for the task which he has here undertaken. The many excellent practical observations which are blended with the narrative, and are the result of the experience of a whole life devoted to the sports of the field, will by many be considered as not the least valuable portion of the performance.

These epistolary communications, it appears, were not edited by Colonel Thornton, and it is undoubtedly to this cause, that the numerous errors which we observe in the orthography of names, must be ascribed. If the circumstance of their being placed in other hands has operated to the disadvantage of the work, it however reflects great credit on the feelings of the author, who, we are informed, presented the manuscript to an old school-fellow, who by the fortuitous occurrences of life, has become much reduced, and who received full permission to dispose of it to his own exclusive advantage.

The editor observes in the preface, that "the sporting intelligence

 contained

contained in this work, may be implicitly relied on with respect to its truth and accuracy; and the remarks occasionally introduced, on the management of dogs, the best mode of trying for game, &c. will probably afford much gratification to those gentlemen who follow the chace with a portion of that avidity for which Colonel Thornton has long rendered himself eminently conspicuous.

"With respect to agriculture, the colonel has not undertaken an elaborate discussion of that point; but his remarks on the soil, cultivation, produce, and general aspect of the country through which he travelled, may suffice to give a correct outline of French husbandry, while a tolerable idea of the sylvan and rural scenery, together with the costume of the people, may be gathered from the illustrative delineations taken by Mr. Bryant, and an eminent French artist, M. Lucas, who accompanied the colonel in his various excursions for that express purpose.

"As it might perhaps appear singular, in the course of this tour, that the author should inspect so many estates then on sale, it may be proper to remark, that Colonel Thornton, fully intending to purchase some sporting domains, was naturally solicitous to seek the most eligible situation; the existing law, however, against naturalization, threw an impediment in his way, and the prospect of a recommencement of hostilities between Great Britain and France, rather damped his ardour in this pursuit, and even rendered doubtful his purchase of Chanteloup.

"The introduction of the colonel to the First Consul, Generals Moreau, Mortier, Macdonald, and many other distinguished characters; together with the flattering attentions which he constantly received in the most fashionable circles, afforded an opportunity of studying their character and manners, with a degree of facility and accuracy unattainable by any other traveller. On the other hand, by his frequent excursions from Paris, his journey into the Touraine, and his investigation of various farms, chateaus, and sporting estates, particularly that of Chantilly—having visited this once magnificent establishment at a former period, as well as during the present tour—he acquired a thorough knowledge of people and places, which had escaped the attention of preceding tourist's."

Having premised thus much, we shall now accompany the author in his interesting tour. Leaving Thornville in the beginning of June 1802, the colonel proceeded with Mrs. Thornton to London, where he had the mortification to find that his coach-maker had only completed his travelling carriage, and that he should consequently be under the necessity of commencing his journey without his boat carriage. The former vehicle deserves particular notice: it was purposely constructed after his own plan, was remarkably commodious, and enabled him to transport twelve fox-hounds in boxes upon springs, at the front and back of the carriage; while the interior of the vehicle contained secret repository of guns and fish ing-tackle. The dickey on which the servant sat, was formed to carry two terriers, if necessary, and might be removed behind the carriage at pleasure. The imperial also might be put on before and behind, for the purpose of using the post-chaise, if required, as a laudaulet, so that the travellers might enjoy an uninterrupted view of the surrounding

surrounding country. In addition to these conveniencies, the colonel ordered a light circular box, which, being placed under the windows, so as not to derange the symmetrical appearance of the carriage, was designed to preclude those unpleasant bickerings which frequently arise in journies from the multiplicity of ladies' band-boxes; necessary indeed to the softer sex, but, which generally prove very objectionable to gentlemen when travelling.

In this equipage the author continued his journey to Brighton, where he inspected the Prince of Wales's dog-kennels, and particularly his dwarf-beagles; and this affords him an opportunity of making some interesting observations on that species of dogs. At Brighton the author and his suite embarked for Dieppe, on the fourth of June, and being becalmed on the passage, he amused himself with shooting such wild fowl as approached sufficiently near to the vessel. The following day they reached Dieppe, where the author was struck by the singular appearance of the inhabitants. "The men," says he, "from the highest to the lowest, wear hats of an enormous size; and the women wear caps called *cauchoises*, at least a yard high, with lappets falling from the ears to the extremity of the waist. For these caps they commonly give sixty or a hundred louis, and they entail them to their posterity. The rest of their dress consists of a red or blue jacket, a petticoat of a different colour, and *sabots*, or shoes of wood, the tops being covered with sheep-skin.—The *tout ensemble* produces, I assure you, a most risible appearance."

Here the colonel had much reason to congratulate himself on his precaution of taking with him his own carriage, as the worst of our common stages is far superior in point of elegance and convenience to what the French call their diligences.—A representation of one of these clumsy vehicles is annexed.—The solidity of their construction may perhaps be rendered necessary by the state of the roads in France, where people think lightly of shocks which would probably dislocate the firmly-knit joints even of our pugilistic Jackson.

"With respect to the French horses," says the colonel, "I believe that beauty and proportion, combined with strength, which are universally admired in England, never entered into the head of a *maitre de poste*, who conceives it unpardonable to reduce any part of the mane so as to give it the appearance of neatness, or to pay the least attention to the heels of the animal, all being left to nature. The harness is very little superior to what is appropriated to English waggons. The jack-boots of the postillions—of which an engraving is likewise annexed—are also monstrous, and their whips are in some instances three yards long."

The author observed at Dieppe several trees of liberty, which are carefully watered every evening. Notwithstanding this attention, they appeared not to be in a flourishing state; perhaps, as he significantly remarks, the soil is not congenial to them.

From Dieppe the author proceeded to Rouen, and here properly commences his Sporting Tour in the territories of France. The singularity of his carriage excited general attention; and several sporting gentlemen waited on him at his hotel, in order to inspect his hounds. "I hailed them," says he, "with real joy, for sportsmen, you know, are

are generous souls." Finding many of his visitants perfectly conversant with the joys of the chase, he readily accepted an invitation to the superb mansion of a Mr. Morris, where all the best men of the field were collected. Here he met Monsieur, the *ci-devant* Marquis D'Hallé, General Ruffin, and Col. Marigny, of the 25th regiment of light dragoons.

"After dinner," continues Col. T. "a hunting party was made to try for wolf; and my fox-hounds followed us to the field, myself being mounted on a fine Hungarian horse belonging to Colonel Marigny. By dusk we arrived at a small village, and alighted at a farm-house, when the huntsman proclaimed our arrival by the enchanting unison of six or seven French horns, which they managed with superior skill. Many apologies were made for the reception I should experience in such a dwelling; but I soon made the inmates easy on that score, and hastened to inspect the hounds, which I had the satisfaction of finding musical, fresh, and well. I found that the gentlemen of Rouen prided themselves—as indeed do the Normans in general, in the same manner as the inhabitants of Yorkshire—on their knowledge of all the branches of the chase, and affected to despise the sportsmen of every other part of France. Normandy has, indeed, ever been renowned for the breed of its horses; a circumstance by no means surprising, the richness of its pastures being almost unequalled. Speaking of my companions, however, as gentlemen, no society could afford greater satisfaction, as they enabled me in a few hours to form my judgment, and compare the sportsmen of France with those of England. In these gentlemen, I found precisely the same ideas, the same keenness, and the same frank character which mark our Yorkshire sportsmen.—In point of science, however, they far surpass us; for if our gorse covers in England, where we find our foxes, consist of from ten to thirty acres, here forests of from ten to fifteen thousand acres are the scenes of action.

"At five in the morning we turned out, and I equipped myself *a l'Angloise*, having brought over every thing necessary. The French sporting dresses, with the exception of large cocked hats, which are worn instead of caps, are as neat and appropriate as those of the English.

"M. D'Hallé is grand *louvetier*, or wolf-hunter, a very honourable appellation, although no salary is annexed. It is necessary to observe, however, that it gives the owner an exclusive right to try for wolf whenever he thinks proper, and makes him equal to what in Yorkshire is termed a lord paromount, or free warren.

"Having quaffed some excellent milk and white brandy, we advanced about a mile, and then entered the *Foret Verte*, or Green Forest. Here we soon came to a rendezvous, where we found a cloth laid on the turf, horses at picket, hounds in couples or leashes tied to the trees, and every thing in good style.

"The *piqueurs* then made a report of what they had observed; for in their mode of hunting, very experienced men examine all the roads, and moist places, to discover what animal frequents them. For this purpose, they have a hound thoroughly bred, and sagacious, and on seeing the impression of a wolf, they allow the dog to scent, when, if he flourishes, or gives any sign of scent, either stronger or weaker, they

they are enabled to decide what time may have elapsed, since the game in question passed that way. They then examine where he has dunged, and from the size of that, and the print of the foot, they can generally ascertain the sex and age. Lastly, they take the dog, called *levrier*, and go round the avenues; where, if the print of the foot is not visible, they conclude that the game is laid down in that direction.

"After we had eaten a very substantial breakfast, the keeper belonging to the wolf-hounds informed us he had seen the print of a wolf, but that it was not fresh, and he thought it very unlikely we should find him, even if we devoted the whole day to the search; but if we would condescend, he said, to hunt fox, there was one in the division close to us. I confess, I was very desirous of hunting wolf, but as it was politely referred to me, and all the company seemed anxious to view my hounds in work, I readily decided for fox. Accordingly, after one more bumper to good sport, I uncoupled my hounds, and I may safely affirm, that before the fifth couple were allowed to dash into the cover, the first hound had found the fox, which ran close by me as I gave a cheering talliho. The scent was good, and the hounds pressed their fox, which appeared in view several times. By the pace they went, I knew he could not stand long, and as I stuck very close to them, I was so fortunate as to be the only person near when they killed, after a run of forty minutes. My companions were absolutely delighted, and I presented a couple of my finest hounds to M. d'Hallé, to add to his wolf-pack, as also another couple to Mr. Morris, and General Ruffin, for their fox-packs.

"The morning proving remarkably pleasant, it was proposed that the French hounds should join with mine, but the former were soon left nearly a mile behind. The forest was beautiful, but so very extensive, that, although the horns blew incessantly, we were all thrown; and after a search of nearly two hours, we fell in with the huntsman, who had had a good run to recover his hounds, but could give no account of my six couple. My terrier, a beautiful white dog, was also lost. However, I was assured that all possible pains would be taken to recover them; and whilst we were debating on what measures could be most prudently adopted, I thought I heard them at a distance. By degrees the sound grew stronger, upon which I rode forward, and falling in with them, we viewed a fox very much distressed. The French hounds then came forward, and we laid them on before mine, which they soon joined, and after twisting their game briskly, parted views.—They also killed this fox, which seemed an old dog, having little or no tag.

"The sun now burst forth, and the day proved extremely warm; but the beauty of the forest scenery and the cheerfulness of my companions rendered this one of the most delicious mornings I had ever witnessed. We then returned to the farm, the horns blowing tunefully the whole way."

The author likewise took the diversion of shooting in the company of the same gentlemen, and went with them to the house and grounds of Mr. Godart, where he was informed there was great variety of game. In the course of the day's sport, of which he gives a description, he shot a young wild boar with his air-gun, the powers of which

which astonished all his brother sportsmen.

Quitting Rouen with great regret, on account of the hospitable reception he had there experienced, the author continued his route by way of Vandreuil and Evreux, and visited the Chateau de Navarre, an extensive mansion near the latter place, which was bequeathed to Captain D'Auvergne of the British navy, who now assumes the title of Prince de Bouillon. St. Germain, once a royal palace, but now converted into barracks, was the next object of his curiosity. The forest of St. Germain was celebrated for the amusements of the chase which it afforded the kings of France, while that country could boast of kings. The ground is too flat to give an air of grandeur to the scenery; but in the eye of a sportsman this circumstance contributes to its real excellence, as the flatter the country the better for the chase.—Bonaparte has taken the forest under his special protection; and the game, which was almost extirpated during the revolution, is now replenishing. "The Chief Consul," says the author, "has hunted four or five times at St. Germain: but as the stags are yet very scarce, he comes privately, and amuses himself, attended only by four or five general officers. He always rides very hard, and is particularly fond of horses.

Proceeding towards Paris, our traveller arrived at Versailles, where Colonel Thornton presented his letter of introduction to the governor, General Beaumont. Next morning he went with the general and his brother to inspect the school of the *manège*, which is under the direction of government. The different exercises took up nearly two hours, and the professor and sub-professor, in compliment to their visitor, ordered out four of their most capital horses, which were worked for about half an hour. These animals seem all well adapted to the purpose, being rather under fifteen hands high; but the crack horse, which is half Arabian and half Limousin, his dam being a Limousin mare, is full fifteen hands high. Two officers from every regiment of cavalry are ordered to attend regularly at this place, to receive such instructions—both theoretical and practical—as may enable them to teach their respective corps. The author retired from the *manège* fully convinced of the excellency of that establishment; but could not refrain from observing, that the same fault with respect to shoeing a horse prevails there as well as every where else, that is, the toe of the horse is never cut short enough, and therefore, the consequent contraction of the heel occasions the animal to trip.

After having seen the palace, Colonel T. proceeded to the manufactory of fire-arms, "of which," says he, "I had previously heard such representations, as absolutely astonished me. The fabrication of pistols at ten thousand, and guns at fifty thousand livres a-piece, had been mentioned as no uncommon thing at this place; and when I argued on the impossibility of working up fire-arms to this value, and the little chance of finding purchasers at such extravagant prices, I was told that the manufactory was under the patronage of the First Consul; and that he frequently ordered the most costly pieces as presents for foreign princes or general officers. One gun was produced which was then completing for the Consul, at the price of eight hundred guineas."

A fair

A fair trial, however, of the comparitive excellence of the costly productions of this celebrated manufactory with the English guns which the author had with him, afforded a convincing proof of the superiority of the latter; in favour of which General Beaumont, who was appointed judge, was himself obliged to decide.

Having received fresh letters of recommendation from the Beaumont family, and one in particular, addressed to General Duroc, governor of the Thuileries, the author proceeded to Paris. On passing the *Champs Elysees*, he observed numerous parties of officers playing at skittles; on which, he remarks—"I think it would appear rather extraordinary were we to behold our officers of the Guards thus amusing themselves on the parade at St. James's. But every nation has some peculiar customs, and among the French, this seems to be a favourite recreation." If, however, the author had for a moment considered the very wide difference, that exists between our officers of the Guards, and the generality of the officers of the French army, his surprise would have ceased. The former are gentlemen by birth and education, whereas, it is notorious that very few indeed of the latter can have the smallest pretentions to that character. Can we then wonder if their amusements savour of the lowness of their origin, and if the latter should be equalled only by their ignorance? It is a fact, that, such is their want of information, that many of the officers of the army which recently occupied the electorate of Hanover, believed that the Sound was a river. Nay the writer of this article, himself, saw a letter a few months since, which was sent by a French general to a tradesman in London, and in which, almost every word violated either the most common principles of grammar, or of orthography.

We shall not follow the author in his visit to the different magnificent buildings and establishments of the French metropolis, nor in his excursion to Ermenonville, where the celebrated Rousseau closed the scence of his mortal existence: it is not our intention to satiate the curiosity of the reader, but rather to excite him to gratify it, by a perusal of the whole of these interesting volumes. We shall therefore pass on to his account of a hunting-party, which introduced him to the acquaintance of two of the first military characters of France.

The meeting took place at the mansion of Monsieur Etallier, at Pont Chartrain, where, "on alighting from the carriage," says the author, "we found all the company waiting at the grand entrance to receive us, being all habited in plain frocks. The first gentleman who caught my attention, was General Moreau, of whom it has been justly said, that to an open and pleasing countenance, he unites soft and insinuating manners; and to the frankness of the soldier, he joins the becoming ease of the courtier, without the licentiousness of the one, or the vices of the other. By his side, stood General Macdonald, who was commander in chief of the army of the Grisons: he is a tall man, about five feet eleven inches high, with a sallow complexion, dark, penetrating eyes, and in his manner rather reserved.

"After breakfast, we proceeded to a small village where the horses were in waiting, and I found that my friends had set apart, for my use, a very capital English hunter, equipped

equipped *à l'Angloise*, as indeed were those of the company. The hounds were in the vicinity of Rambouillet, a town about two miles distant, where there is a magnificent castle, formerly belonging to the Duc de Penthievre.

On our arrival at the appointed place, we threw off, and tried full three hours for roe-buck, in one of the finest forests I ever beheld. The gentlemen were almost in despair at our ill success, but, feeling myself very keen, I kept up their spirits. At length we roused three or four roe-bucks, took two fawns, and unfortunately killed a third. The horns resounded melodiously through the forest, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the surrounding scene.

"I soon perceived that the French hounds were too fat to run on wind. We drew for about an hour, when some of the dogs challenged; but deep as we then were in the forest, I concluded it could not be riot, as I thought no hare was likely to be there. However, the *piqueurs* and company up wind rated them. A couple coming near the spot where I then was, being down wind, I set at them, and though not immediately succeeding, I determined not to give up my point. I therefore persevered, crossing the avenues, and at length headed them, having nearly broken my own head against some low branches, in effecting it. My next object was how to recover the company.

"At this juncture, a thousand fears crossed my mind, lest the hounds should have found, and gone off, in which case, I should not only have lost the sport, but should have been silently laughed at, and hoaxed both by my sporting friends and the ladies.

"Having taken my resolution on the instant, I made my way down an avenue, which seemed to have no termination; but knowing myself to be down wind, I thought I might hear them. After riding about two miles, the faint echo of a horn excited my attention. Crossing into another alley, the sound seemed to gain upon me; and keeping the wind in my ear, I soon heard it so distinctly, as to be convinced it did not arise from the rustling of leaves, by which many sportsmen have been deceived. I was shortly after delighted with the sound of the French-horn, when pushing forward, a sportsman suddenly crossed the ride, and dashed into a thick part of the cover. I instantly followed, but soon lost sight of him. The moisture of the turf, however, enabled me to trace the horses hoofs, and I had soon the pleasure of overtaking the worthy General Moreau. The company coming up immediately afterwards, I received their congratulations, and was informed that they had sent a *piqueur* after me without success, and had also sounded their horns, but the wind being high, they concluded I had lost them and returned home. I also learned that the hounds I had stopped had joined the pack, and that they belonged to General Moreau, who returned me many thanks, and warmly applauded my skill, declaring that no French sportsman, though acquainted with the forest, could have regained the company. Many jokes ensued, and it was mutually agreed between the general and myself, that I should be his *aid de camp* as an officer, and he assume that character with me as a sportsman.

"It being now near three o'clock, the company began to flag, and to think of soup and *bouilli*. But I soon reanimated them, by observing,

ing, that afternoon game afforded the best sport, that the day was very far from being spent, that there would be moon, or at any rate, we might procure torches; and therefore, if they would give me leave, I would not quit the forest till we had again found. They felt the full force of these observations, and we once more set to with redoubled keenness.

"I now requested that the horns might be blown, and persuaded the company to disperse, and to make as much noise as possible. I was by no means deficient on this score. We tried on for nearly half an hour, and I was much better pleased than the rest of the company, the scene being totally new to me. A sudden crash inspired us, and the horns proclaimed a view. At the same instant, seeing a roe-buck cross, I talliho'd; and having laid on the hounds close, in about two hours and a half, we had repeated views; the horns all sounding, and the forest quite alive and smoking.

"Shortly after a dead silence ensued, and on seeing a hound bloody, I rode forward, and found that they had killed the roe-buck. I instantly gave the whoop, but no one came near me. I then got the deer partly suspended against a tree; but the hounds, eager for their game, made such a peal, as brought up General Moreau, who asked what was the matter, as he feared I had hurt myself. I informed him that such was the English mode of proclaiming the death; upon which, he sprang from his horse, shook hands with me, and entered into the spirit of the moment. Then blowing his horn, the company understood him, and the death was proclaimed in their fashion, by some particular notes from a dozen horns, which echoed through the forest. The company then assembled, and the huntsman proclaimed the roe-buck to be five years old. Each now took the nearest route, and we soon gained the *barouches*, which in twenty minutes, conveyed us to Pont Chartrain."

Here we are under the necessity of leaving the colonel for the present, to solace himself after the fatigues of the day, in the company of the beautiful and accomplished Madame Moreau, Madame Macdonald, and his brother sportsmen. It is with reluctance we postpone the completion of our remarks to a future number; but the present article has already exceeded the ordinary limits, and we are desirous of doing that justice to this performance, which its importance and elegance demand.

LIFE GUARDS.

ACTION FOR A LIBEL.

Court of King's Bench, May 28.

LYNCH *v.* THOMPSON *and* OTHERS.

THIS action was brought by Michael Henry Lynch, Esq. late an officer in the second regiment of Life Guards, against Alexis Thompson, Esq. and several other officers of the same regiment, to recover a compensation in damages, for procuring him to be dismissed from His Majesty's service, and for publishing a libel upon his character as a gentleman, and a man of honour.

Mr. Parke stated the case on the part of the plaintiff. In the month of August, 1803, it happened that by chance, as Captain M'Namara, a gentleman whose name had already appeared upon the records of

 that

that Court, as might be recollected on some former sittings, was passing through the street, some observations were made upon a girl in company with a black man, when the latter was assaulted by the captain, and afterwards brought his action against him, and he recovered damages to the amount of £20. This man of colour turned out to be the servant of the present plaintiff, to whom Captain M'Namara related the circumstance, and desired that he should be discharged; but, as it was supposed, the servant had made good his own story, and the plaintiff refused to dismiss him: upon which Captain M'Namara intimated to the plaintiff, that he would cane him, whenever he should meet him, intending by such threat, to provoke him to fight a duel; but the plaintiff, like a truly temperate man, regarding the laws of morality and the laws of the land, more than those laws mistakenly called the laws of honour, declined any further notice of the transaction. In consequence of this, the defendants entered into resolutions that they would not mess with the plaintiff, and wrote a letter to General Buckley, who was lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, to that effect, stating, that he had been guilty of unofficer-like, and ungentleman-like conduct.

Another letter, to the same purport, was transmitted to General Lord Cathcart, the colonel, then filling a high command in Ireland, as commander in chief of the forces in that country, both requesting that the plaintiff should be suspended, or dismissed the service. In consequence of these representations, General Buckley informed the plaintiff, that he had leave of absence, this being the most mild and delicate way of intimating to him, that he was suspended. General Buckley afterwards had a communication with his Majesty upon the subject; the plaintiff also memorialed his Majesty; and the result of the business was, that of a permission being granted to the plaintiff to sell his commission. After some observations upon the serious injury which the plaintiff's character must have suffered in the eye of the world, and, in fact, from those mistaken laws of honour, and the great importance of sustaining the laws of morality, by which a civilized state alone can be properly governed, the learned counsel concluded in expressing a hope, that, taking all the circumstances into their consideration, the Jury would give such compensation in damages, as the plaintiff justly merited at their hands.

General Buckley being called and examined, in reference to the signature of the several defendants to the letter in question, could not speak with any certainty to the identity of any of them. He said, he had received a command from his Majesty, in consequence of which the plaintiff was dismissed his Majesty's service. The learned counsel was proceeding to examine him, respecting his conference with the King upon this subject; when

Lord Ellenborough observed, that however it might be competent to the witness to give evidence as to his own act, yet being an act done in consequence of a command from his Sovereign, whose motives could not be arraigned by a subject, he did not conceive that this evidence was admissible.

Lord Cathcart was then examined from the bench, with respect to the letter received by his Lordship from the defendants, desiring the dismissal of the plaintiff. He perfectly

fectly recollected receiving such a letter; but, from the very arduous command he then held, and the multiplicity of official and other documents continually before him, and which interested him so much more, and occupied the greater part of his Lordship's attention, being anxious to get rid of a number of papers not of any great importance, he was led to believe he had destroyed the letter in question.

A copy of the letter was then permitted to be read in evidence, which, as already mentioned, stated the resolution of the defendants not to mess with the plaintiff, on the grounds, as stated, of his being guilty of unofficer-like and ungentleman-like conduct.

Sir Vicary Gibbs, as counsel for the defendants, contended, that, from the various transactions connected with this case, it was evident that the conduct of the plaintift had justified the opinion among his brother officers, of his having conducted himself in, at the least, an improper manner. He considered that the memorial presented to his Majesty, by the plaintiff himself, bore its own condemnation; and that it was upon this document, it was judged proper to dismiss him the service. There being no evidence to ground any special damages, he did not trouble the court upon that head. The libel he did not mean to justify, or contradict—a verdict, therefore, must be given against the defendants; but he trusted, under all the circumstances, the jury would look at it as a case in which very trivial damages should be awarded.

Lord Ellenborough, in summing up the evidence to the jury, told them, they were to leave the question of special damages wholly out of their consideration; the libel stood uncontradicted, and he left it to their discretion what damages the plaintiff was entitled to.

The jury immediately returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, £1000.

BOXING.

O'DONNELL AND WASDELL.

THE match between O'Donnel, and an untried man of the name of Wasdell, was decided on Tuesday the third instant, on Willesden-green, for 20 guineas. It is only necessary to observe, in giving a description of the combatants, that O'Donnell is a complete adept in the science, although his weight and size would not allow him a chance in contending with the tip-top heroes of the fist. Wasdell, a Spitalfields dyer, had once or twice fought in his own neighbourhood, and a few easy conquests led him to suppose that he was capable of entering the lists with a man of notoriety in the bruising art. He had the advantage in weight, length of arm, and every requisite for his new profession but science and courage. It being holiday time, the road to the seat of action was completely filled at an early hour; buggies, barouches, dust-carts, and chariots, were the order of the day. At twelve the combatants entered the ring; bets were 7 to 4, and 2 to 1 on O'Donnell.

THE FIGHT.—1st Round. The combatants sparred for some time, and that of Wasdell's was truly awkward; he made a short awkward hit, and closed, when O'Donnell knocked him down cleanly.—Three to one on the favourite.

2nd.

2d. Wasdell again made play awkwardly; his opponent dropped him again easily.—Five to one.

3d. By this time, Wasdell exhibited marks of his opponent's skill about his head; he made a round awkward attempt to hit; O'Donnell stopped him, and again hit him off his legs, and he sat on the grass as if greatly embarrassed.—No betting.

4th. Whilst sparring, Wasdell made an attempt to seize his opponent by his right hand; O'Donnell hit him right and left in the head and body, and he fell.

5th. The combatants closed irregularly; O'Donnell, after punishing him severely underneath, dropped him again.—Twenty to one.

6th. O'Donnell hit his opponent a severe blow in the face, through his guard; and then hit him right and left off his legs.

7th. O'Donnell went in and hit his opponent in the body; they closed, and disengaged themselves, when Wasdell again attempted to seize his opponent's hand; he was rewarded with a hit, which evidently decided all hopes of him.

8th. In this round, O'Donnell did as he thought proper; he went to his man in good humour, and hit him three successive hard blows in the face, which dropped him.

9th. Wasdell faced his man for the last time; O'Donnell hit him two hard blows, which finished one of the easiest conquests ever witnessed; for O'Donnell had not even the slightest impression of a hit about him.

It will be seen, by this short detail of the fight, that the advantage was all on one side. Wasdell proved himself a complete novice, in every sense of the word; he was ignorant of the knowledge of boxing altogether, and to speak fairly of him, he is the worst that ever attempted even a street fight.

O'Donnell was seconded by Gully and Ryan, and Wasdell by his brother and Rhodes.

COOMBS AND THE BRISTOL BUTCHER.

A SECOND battle was fought, between a Bristol butcher and a man of the name of Coombs. This contest lasted upwards of an hour, and it was decided in favour of Coombs, after a good deal of hard fighting. The Butcher was known among the *gemmen* of the fist, to be a game one, and he proved himself so; he, however, used his right hand entirely at the body, which, if it had been directed at the head, would have insured him victory. His opponent was a good getter away, and never hit until within his distance, when his blows told.

Two other battles were fought for subscription purses, but the matches were unequal, and consequently the contests were not amusing, but tiresome.

MONDAY, June 9, being the day appointed for an unusual display of pugilism, there was a full muster of the amateurs, &c. proportionate to the sport held out for the day. It had been made known, that the matches for decision were between Young Ward and Quirk, Maddox and Cody, O'Donnel and Smith, and others for purses; the first for 100gs a side, and the two latter for 40. The whole of the pugilists who were to exhibit attended the ring, which was formed at Padnal Corner, on Epping Forest, at twelve o'clock. The match for the largest sum, and which excited the most interest, it was agreed should be first decided; consequently

WARD

WARD AND QUIRK

Made their appearance.—Six and 7 to 4 on Ward before setting to.

THE BATTLE.—First round. Eager but shy sparring. Quirk made the first hit, and one was exchanged by Ward; both blows told, and Ward slipt down. Level betting.

2d. Tedious sparring.——Ward made a short hit, and received a blow, followed by another slightly. They closed, and both fell.

3d. Ward hit his opponent in the face through his guard, right and left, and repeated his blows again on the body. They closed and fell, without one of Quirk's hits telling. Two to one on Ward.

4th. Ward very gay, made a well-directed hit at his opponent's head, which was stopped. Ward hit him instantly with his left hand over the guard, and knocked him down by a desperate blow in the throat with the right. Four and five to one on Ward.

5th. Ward hit his man through the guard again, and followed up his blows in a very gay manner, until Quirk was beaten into a state of stupidity. Ten to one on Ward, and three to one that he beat his man in five minutes.

6th. Ward appeared rather fatigued with making play, and his opponent's head was much swelled. Ward made his favourite left-handed hit at the guard, which was stopped, when he gave Quirk a hard blow with the right hand. Quirk held his opponent in grasp, and Ward fell on his knees.

7th. Resolute rallying, and severe hitting on both sides. Many hard blows were exchanged, without regarding science; the rally ended in favour of Ward, but both fell very weak.—No betting.

8th. A very hard round; the combatants rallying courageously after Ward's left-handed hit had been stopped. The combatants stood to each other, and exchanged until they were literally motionless; and Quirk had ultimately the advantage, for Ward fell apparently greatly distressed.

9th. The combatants bore marks of the preceding rallies about the head, and Quirk appeared to have but little sight left. Ward met his opponent with his left hand; and coming in, another courageous rally ensued to the advantage of Quirk, whose strength seemed to increase.

10th. A blow in this round put an end to the fight in the thirteenth. Ward made a left-handed hit, which Quirk stopped, and put in a dreadful one under the ear of Ward, with his left hand. Ward fell as if dead, and was unable for a few seconds to move his head from the ground.

11th. Both so fatigued that they had scarcely power to make a hit. They closed without hitting, and Ward fell like a log.

12th. Notwithstanding the distresses of Ward, he summoned all his efforts, and made another rally, but he fell, after exchanging a slight blow or two.—Four to one on Quirk.

13th. The combatants met again without hitting. Ward being unable to come again at the word time, he consequently lost the battle, after contending eighteen minutes.

REMARKS.—A more determined and spirited contest than this has seldom or ever been witnessed. The first twelve rounds were exceedingly hard fought, without the smallest attempt to shift on either side.—Ward had a decided advantage over his opponent in the science of the art of boxing, and he shewed himself a better and a much quicker hitter than Quirk. The loss of the contest might in a great measure

sure be attributed to his gaiety, for he was full of fight until his strength failed him, which, with an accidental hit, deprived him altogether of defending himself. The beating he had received was nothing in comparison to what he had given, for his opponent's head was swelled hideously, and his eyes were invisible. Quirk's greatest perfection is in his being a *bottom* man. He threw away numberless hits, and was always slow. His superior strength, as we have before observed, supported him until his opponent was exhausted, when his blows, however slow, were forcible, and told well. Gulley seconded Ward, and Elias Spray, Quirk.

MADDOX AND CODY.

THE former of these pugilists has been known in the fighting school these twenty-five years past. He has fought more battles than any other man, though generally a loser; which may be attributed to his being over-matched, as in his day he envied the idea of suffering a champion to excel him until he had been conquered by him. Cody is a younger man than Maddox, and he has suffered but little in his time. The combatants set too soon after the other battle was over. Maddox fought in his own style, that of rallying, and depending in a great measure on the first powerful hit in the round—Cody waited for him generally, and hit him in return for the rallies. The rounds, on an average, lasted about a quarter of a minute, when both fell.

The ring was broken either by accident or design, after the combatants had fought about half an hour, and they were taken away until a fresh ring was made, when the contest was renewed. Maddox certainly had the advantage of the delay, and the contest was continued three quarters of an hour longer, when the appearance of a detachment of the 10th light dragoons broke the ring again. The dragoons formed up at a distance from the ring, and a magistrate entered. With a degree of moderation becoming his authority, he addressed some of the amateurs, and informed them, that the company must disperse, or he must be obliged to call in the aid of the military to enforce his mission. The Magistrate was a headborough. The company dispersed, and a third ring was formed about a mile from the spot, after the cavalry had retired, and Maddox, who had nearly blinded his opponent, entered it full of gaiety to resume the contest; but Cody, who had shewn himself a mere pretender, would not enter it, either through fear or cowardice. This fight was consequently made a draw of. The odds were in favour of Cody before setting too.

O'DONNELL AND SMITH.

THIS was a contest which afforded no diversion. O'Donnell was declared the victor.

NED BELCHER AND JONES THE COACHMAN.

THIS was an exceeding good fight.—Belcher, who is the senior brother of the three, was hit about at the commencement of the fight; but he took it coolly, and when he had become acquainted with his opponent's mode of fighting, he went in and beat him in great style. The victor, although of the true Belcher breed, had never before signalized himself in a pugilistic contest, he being a cripple.

Young Belcher challenged Dutch Sam in the ring, for 50 guineas, and to chuse his own time. Sam accepted, and fixed two months hence for the battle.

MAIDS

MAIDS AND BACHELORS;

OR,

MY HEART FOR YOUR'S.

Covent Garden Theatre, June 6.

THIS new comedy, produced by the fashionable pen of Mr. Skeffington, a gentleman very much distinguished in the higher circles, was brought forward for the benefit of Mrs. Mattocks, a very deserving actress, in conjunction with Mr. Farley. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alvaroni	Mr. H. Johnston.
Valbano	Mr. Brunton.
Moraldi	Mr. Liston.
Zingaretto	Mr. Farley.
Alcade	Mr. Atkins.
Vignoli	Mr. Treby.
Cesario	Mr. Menage.
Zephyrina	Mrs. Glover.
Vorenza	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Lavora	Mrs. Mattocks.
Modesca	Miss Tyrer.

Scene—Manfredonia,

THE FABLE.

Moraldi receives a letter from Duke Alberto of Modena, desiring him to arrest his daughter Vorenza, and Alvaroni, who had eloped—though not together—from Modena. Vorenza, on her arrival at Manfredonia, claims the protection of Zephyrina, the governor's daughter. Alvaroni remains concealed in a friend's garden, where Zephyrina in disguise, accompanied by her confidential maid Lavora, pays him visits. During one of these visits, Moraldi, her father, arrives, and supposing her, as she is veiled, to be Vorenza, arrests and sends her under a guard to his palace. Alvaroni is led to prison. On the governor's return, Zephyrina passes Vorenza as the lady whom the governor had arrested, and successfully carries on the deception. Valbano, who is betrothed to Zephyrina, and also the friend of Alvaroni, visits him in his confinement, and obtains leave for his temporary absence, for the purpose of keeping an assignation with a lady. This lady proves—though unknown to Alvaroni—to be Zephyrina. In her apartment the gentlemen meet; and of course, the honour of Zephyrina and the fidelity of Alvaroni are suspected. On the following morning, Zephyrina, in the most open manner, acknowledges that she had condescended to visit Alvaroni, merely to prevent his coming along the shore in his boat to the governor's garden; and the Duke Alberto sends his consent to the union of his daughter and Alvaroni.

REMARKS.

Mr. Skeffington has very judiciously considered business and bustle as most attractive in dramatic representation; and, by laying the scene of his comedy in Italy, has afforded to his muse an ample opportunity of describing the gaiety, intrigue, and bagatelle, which characterize the inhabitants of the southern part of Europe. He evinces throughout, his prefect acquaintance with polite and fashionable life, while he proves himself by no means defective in the necessary knowledge of the rules of legitimate English drama. It is a production unquestionably creditable to the taste and talents of its author, and affords much promise to the public, in respect to the future productions of his pen.

Zephyrina, the heroine of the piece, is skilfully portrayed, as blending the most bewitching eccentricities of the head with the purest virtues of the heart. She is a fascinating light-hearted belle, led away by the impulse of the moment, and involving herself in a labyrinth of difficulties, without maturely weighing the means of extrication. Several

strokes of delicate satire excited considerable merriment:—A lady's tongue when enraged, was not unaptly compared with a north-east wind, being *loud* and *cutting* at the same time; and much laughter was occasioned by the following exclamation of Liston—"Never keep a council, or a dinner waiting; for, by the delay, one grows *warm*, and the other gets *cold!*" From the various incidents that pervade the piece, the attention is throughout kept on the alert, and the *dénoûment* is so artfully conducted, that, like a well-constructed enigma, it first puzzles and at last convinces. Mrs. Glover, who is a very excellent actress, played incomparably; Zephyrina acquired the happiest graces from her sprightliness and ease—Mrs. H. Johnston looked and performed charmingly—Miss Tyrer and Mrs. Mattocks did ample justice to the parts assigned them—H. Johnston and Brunton in the two counts, and Farley as the servant, exerted themselves very successfully.

The comedy was throughout loudly applauded, and promises to add another laurel to the wreath which Mr. Skeffington has acquired by his "Sleeping Beauty," &c. On the dropping of the curtain, the audience, which was one of the most splendid which had been seen this season, testified their approbation by three distinct peals of applause.

The prologue, written by Mr. Skeffington, and spoken by Mr. Brunton, contained several good points, and dwelt very neatly on the analogy between the pursuits of the dramatist and the painter. It was universally admired for novelty of idea, and elegance of expression. The epilogue, by Mr. T. Dibdin, was addressed to Maids and Bachelors, with some pleasant exhortations to matrimony.—This was delivered with excellent spirit by that incomparable actress, Mrs. Mattocks.

Some charming songs, composed and adapted by Mr. Addison, were sung by Miss Tyrer.—That in the third act, "When love is first possessing," &c. is, we understand, a celebrated Venetian air, and was introduced for the first time, on this occasion, to an English audience. The song in the fourth act, "A Lady fair in Florence gay," composed by Mr. Addison in a very charming style, was unanimously *encored*.—This air promises to become as popular as any song which has appeared for several years.

It is but justice, before we close our account, to say, that Mr. Skeffington never suffered the interest once excited to droop, and that the dialogue has a considerable share of pleasantry, combined with many accurate views of life and manners.

As to the title of the comedy, Mr. Skeffington has been particularly fortunate: indeed, the names of all his dramas have been very happy; viz.—"The Word of Honour; The High Road to Marriage; The Sleeping Beauty;" and last, not least, "Maids and Bachelors; or, My Heart for Your's."—We shall give the prologue and a specimen of the songs in the poetical department of our next publication.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS theatre opened on the 10th instant. It looks extremely neat, light, and airy, and suited to the season. The entertainments were "The Mountaineers" and "Fortune's Frolic." Mr. Rae, a performer of much provincial celebrity, and last from the Bath theatre, made his *début* before a London audience in the part of Octavian.—

He

He is about twenty-three or twenty-four years old, middle-sized, and slender, with an expressive countenance and dark eyes. His voice is strong, but wants modulation; in level speaking it is husky, but when raised, it becomes clear, and bears a strong resemblance to Mr. Elliston's. This gentleman possesses many of the requisites to form a good actor, and his faults are only those which an intimacy with the stage will remove. The character is in itself so very extravagant, it afforded no opportunity to form an opinion of his action. A more favourable reception we have never witnessed. The applause was unbounded, and he was cheered with repeated bravoes from every part of the house. Mr. Whitfield also made his *début* at this theatre in the part of Bulcazin Muley, which he rendered very interesting, and was much applauded. Mrs. Glover made her *début* also, in the part of Floranthe; she looked extremely well in male attire, and by her excellent and judicious performance, gave an interest and weight to the part, which we never before saw it assume. Miss Tyrer, Mr. De Camp, Mrs. Matthews, and Mr. Chapman, were warmly greeted on their several entrances; and the play was announced for a second representation, amidst bravoes and loud applause. The house was full, and elegant. The Countess of Buckinghamshire, the Hon. Mrs. Meade, and several nobility, were present. So judicious are the arrangements, that the house was not too warm.

ESSAY ON PUPPYISM.

THERE are puppies who have no canine appetites, who drink more than they eat, and sleep more than they live. There are puppies from the ducal coronet, down to the shoe-black; puppies of every complexion, size, stature, and denomination. There are puppies in of the, as well as in ermine; neither crape benches excludes them. They may be seen in the upper and lower rooms in Westminster Hall, and in Bridewell. They are generally cherished by the ladies, who consider them as innocent animals, and treat them like lap-dogs. They are admitted to female (for there are male) toilets, and are looked upon as so insignificant, that they are not noticed; a waiting-maid is viewed with more circumspection; and a hair-dresser is an animal of superior import: a dentist is a king, and a dancing master an emperor, compared to a dangling puppy.

In the senate a puppy may be distinguished by the choice of hard words without any meaning, constantly speaking to every question without understanding it; addressing the chair without any address; joining the treasury-bench, and dividing with the majority, right or wrong; exclaiming against the licentiousness, and the insolence of public writers, without having read them.

In the pulpit, the stroking of a white hand, and admiring it with a ring, in the middle of a sermon; a dressed head of hair, a simpering ogle, an affected lisp, and a circling gaze for admiration, particularly from the ladies, all denote the puppy.

At the bar, an affected pronunciation, and lugging in *my lud* and *autority*, without any sort of authority; brow-beating witnesses, whose ignorance and embarassment prevent them from acquitting themselves with propriety; asking improper questions, and straining the meaning of answers, all argue the puppy.

 In

In medicine a glaring chariot, a very preposterous bag—for physic has thrown aside even the appearance of knowledge—a pedantic selection of medical phrases, a dogmatic decision, an evasive replication, determine the puppy.

From these specimens, the reader will be enabled to form some idea of puppyism, in most situations. He will easily trace the puppy-lounger, the puppy-sportsman, the puppy-intriguer, the puppy-hero of his own story, the puppy-poet, and even the puppy-writer.

That I may not be classed under the last, by wearying the patience of your numerous readers, I shall here terminate this essay, and declare myself a sworn foe to puppyism in every class and station of life. HOMO.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ENGLISH VINDICATED,

AGAINST

PRINCE LE BOO.

MR. EDITOR.

LATELY re-reading some of the volumes of your entertaining miscellany, in the last Volume, page 28, I particularly noticed a letter containing "Satirical Remarks, on some of the Spectacles and Diversions of the English," said to be written by the late Prince Le Boo, to his father, the King of the Pelew Islands.

Though I am willing to allow a great deal to the prejudices of education, and the fallacies arising from a very partial experience in the wants and ways of mankind, the contempt which he insinuates for many of our prime sports and amusements, betrays these deficiencies to which I have adverted, while the candid must allow that his narrowness of thinking is frequently coupled with an expansion of feeling. What he says about our dancing, for instance, flows from his ignorance of the thousand adventitious pleasures of which that diversion is susceptible, and which renders harmony, grace, and activity, the least important parts of it. Had his friends been wise enough to take him to Mrs. C's assemblies, he might there have seen experimentally exhibited, on a very broad scale, those nicer movements, by which, at these diversions, the grand machinery of intrigue and seduction is carried on.

His objections to gaming discover the same limited range of observation. He does not consider how much it corrects a hoarding principle among a people; exercises the sentiment of honour; promotes circulation of money; levels enormous fortunes; and confirms the chastity of the ladies, by familiarizing it to temptations. The hare itself is the best advocate for hunting, by loving it to distraction, as is clearly proved by her being found so often near a kennel of hounds, and by the leaping and capering she displays, when she finds herself in the midst of the pack. Her imitation of the cry of a child is a pretty playful fancy of her's, that adds much to the humour of the scene.

If it do not appear so decidedly that the ox loves to be hunted by the butchers, we can only answer that we cannot help his want of taste. —The cock is a most mettlesome animal, and is never so gratified as when called upon to give proofs of his courage; and our arming him with steel weapons, shews our respect for his feelings, reasoning by a fair analogy from our own sentiments of honour, which regard it as

was much more dignified to fight with swords than with fists. If we encourage dogs to fight, ample compensation is made to them, by teaching them to dance; and if they will aspire to be accomplished cavaliers, it is fair they should have a little rough work into the bargain.

Horses, pigs, and many other animals, are fully rewarded for the sufferings they undergo, by the very superior education, of late years, they are in the habit of receiving, from the liberality and humanity of my countrymen. I am prevented by want of room, from saying a great deal more on this subject, and have no doubt, but that some of our sports may, in this manner, and on similar grounds, be shewn to be both reasonable and humane.

Instead of a comment upon what the prince observes of plays, I shall report the answer given by a young critic, to the author of an opera, that was on the verge of being rejected, who begged his advice as to the best manner of supporting it—"Lengthen your dances, and shorten your petticoats." Our plays are now dwindling into operas, and demand the same kind of support; a minuet or a ballet, are generally their principal dependences.

I am very angry with the young prince for undervaluing so noble a science as that of archery, and would undertake to write a whole volume in vindication of it. It gives an appetite, by leading men out into a fine sharp air; it is of benefit to the body of taylors; it is not only a harmless diversion, but it keeps people out of mischief; it is expensive, and therefore genteel; it pleases the fairest part of the creation; it supports something like the spirit of chivalry, while it is exempted from its dangers; it occasions much eating and drinking; and, in some degree, tends to correct the partiality of nature, by affording to the least gifted of her sons an opportunity of making a figure. Your's, &c. B.

A SINGULAR HORSE.

AMONG the matchless collection of curiosities, in the Leverian Museum, and which, at the present time, are selling by auction, by Messrs. King and Lochee, on the premises, at Albion-Place, Black-friars Bridge, is the painting of a most remarkable horse, with a manuscript account of him, extracted from a book writen by George Simon Winter, and printed at Nuremburg, 1687, of which the following is a transcript.

"This horse was a fine snow-white stallion, out of the stud of the old Count of Oldenburg. The Count gave him to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. He was kept in the stables of the Landgrave twenty years, where he died. He was a horse of a fine form and movement, his mane was in several parts three, four, and four and a half ells long, but the hair of his tail was seven, eight, and even nine ells long. I have several such hairs now in my possession, which by the order of the upper master of the horse, were brought me by the groom, George Benden, who had for a long time the care of the horse. The above-mentioned upper master of the horse, when he was a page at court, often rode him in the riding school, as he told me himself. The mane and tail were kept very clean in the stable, and inclosed in a leathern bag, and he was thus brought into the riding-school. But when the Landgrave rode him, the mane and tail were in

in a red velvet bag; but if the bags were not used, then the servant carried the mane in his hand, and two other servants supported the tail." J J B.

SKETCH OF A FAMOUS BILLIARD-PLAYER.

MR. ANDREWS was born to an easy independent fortune, but commencing life at a time that he was incapable of judging of the world, or of himself, was led away by a single passion, for he was not actuated by any other. He devoted himself entirely to the blind goddess, and worshipped her incessantly under the form of two ivory balls.—He was remarkably thin, not very tall, though above the middle size; his face was a perfect vacuum with respect to every possible idea except billiards. So infatuated was he in pursuing this game, to attain the summit of excellence in it, that he sacrificed days, nights, weeks, months, and years to it.

At length he arrived at such a degree of perfection, as well in the theoretical, as the practical part of the game, that there was no player in Europe could equal him, except one, who was the celebrated Abraham Carter, who kept the tables at the corner of the Piazzas, Russel-street, Covent-Garden. Mr. Andrews was the most devoted adept of this game that ever nature produced: he seemed but to vegetate in a billiard-room, and indeed he did little more in any other place. He was a perfect Billiard Valetudinarian, in the most rigid signification of the expression. He ate, drank, slept, walked, nay, talked but to promote the system of the balls.—His regimen was tea, and toast and butter, for breakfast, for dinner, and for supper.

It might reasonably be imagined, that so regular a professor would obtain all the advantages that could result from the science. He won considerable sums, but knew not the value of money; and when playing for only five or ten pounds, he took no pains, but seemed perfectly indifferent about winning or losing. There was a latent finesse in this, but it did not operate to his advantage: he was laying by for bets, but as they were seldom offered, the strength of his play being very well known, he often lost, by repeated small sums, very considerable ones.

It is generally believed, however, that he has played for more money at billiards than any other person ever did. The following is a remarkable circumstance:—He one night won of Colonel W——e upwards of £1000, and the Colonel appointed to meet him the next day to go with him into the city to transfer stock to him to the amount of the sum lost. Being in a hackney-coach, they tossed up who should pay for it. Andrews lost, and upon this small beginning he was excited to continue, till he had lost the whole sum he won the night before at billiards. When the coachman stopped to set down, he was ordered to get up again, and drive them back, as they had no occasion to get out.

By these pursuits he lost very large sums which he had won at billiards; and, in a few years, hazard, and other games of chance, stripped him of every shilling he could command. He had still left a small annuity, which he endeavoured to dispose of, but it was so securely settled upon himself that he could not sell it; otherwise it is probable

probable that it would soon have been transferred at the gaming table. He very lately lived in a retired manner in Kent, where he declared to an intimate old acquaintance, that he never knew contentment while he was rolling in money; but since he was obliged to live upon a scanty pittance, he thought himself one of the happiest men in the universe. It is now generally believed that he is dead.

A HARE'S INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

MR. EDITOR.

THE following letter was by a gentleman literally put into the mouth of a hare; and, as it may vie with most compositions of the kind in easy humour, I doubt not it will meet a ready insertion in the Sporting Magazine. I shall only observe, that wit, when it thus relaxes itself into harmless merriment, has a thousand charms, which it wants when it is employed in irony and sarcasm: and as it would be well if all sportsmen would sometimes put themselves in the place of hares and partridges, and try to think a little of their feelings; so it would be happy for us, simple dogs, if the Nimrods amongst the wits would not make quite so free with their licences, but would check a little their ardour for sporting; and, when they have no game to give away, take care not to make game of their friends.

Your's &c. B.

MY GOOD MADAM, I am but just come up with three of my poor brothers from the country, where we were born and bred, and have lived all our lives, amusing ourselves with running about in the fields, or enjoying ourselves in a pleasant seat, till a pack of impudent hounds came into our neighbourhood, and seemed to think all our family fair game, so that we were so ill-used, that many of us were absolutely run-down, and hunted to death, and those who got off by a hair-breadth escape were way-laid and shot at by gangs of assassins with fire-arms. I have very little to say for myself by way of introduction, being naturally of a shy and rather "melancholy" disposition, more remarkable for listening than talking and making a noise, my ears being much longer than my tongue; though the gentleman who has sent me to you is pretty well known for his talkativeness. But notwithstanding he has been so kind as to endeavour to introduce me to dinner at your house, what he said of you has rather alarmed my natural timidity. He whispered me, that you have sometimes rather a queer way of treating your friends, and told me he should not be surprised, if, after receiving me with great politeness, and stuffing me well, and calling me very pleasant at table, you were for your own pleasure, to roast me, and cut me up, and make game of me before all the ladies, who will be picking and nibling at me, and so I should be completely dished, and possitively torn to pieces among you all. I trust, however, to your kindness, not to bring any pert saucy puppies to meet me, as I have suffered so much from that yelping race that I have quite a horror of the young dogs, and it is death to me, to meet them, unless I can run away, which I am afraid is not so much in my power lately, as it used to be, when I was at my mother's.

I believe, good madam, that you have had very close connections with

with several of my relations before now, particularly the young Master Leverets, who used to come frequently to town to see you; and though they were all hare-brained brats, you introduced them to your acquaintances, and stuffed, and jugged them, and gave them wine and currant jelly, and put nice new coats upon their backs; and you often went so far, as to say—but I mention this privately, as I don't want to make mischief—"that you were very fond of them indeed, and you seemed ready to eat them up!!" They must all have loved you very much, for not one of them ever came back again. I have no doubt that, with your accustomed goodness, you will treat me with a similar degree of kindness, and that I shall find "many friends" at your house. You will excuse me for expressing myself as I can, in my poor way, as I am no great writer, nor orator neither; and you may rely on the best reward in the power of, good madam, your long-eared, whiskered, four-legged, and devoted servant, PUSS.

THE ROYAL EAGLE.

An Engraving.

THE plate annexed was engraved from a beautiful drawing by Mr. Tempest, and communicated to the Proprietors, by a very eminent collector. It represents the exact position of an Eagle, with a snake of an enormous size, at the moment it was surprised by a sportsman in pursuit of game, on a mountain in North Finland. The bird had undoubtedly, as will appear, escaped from the French King's aviary, and must have brought its prey from a considerable distance, as no such reptile is to be found in Sweden, or in Finland. The hunter had several shots before he could deprive the Eagle of life, and upon his approaching the dead body, he was greatly surprised to find each of the legs hooped with a broad ring, the one of gold, the other of silver. The plate of gold was engraved with this inscription,

"*Je suis au Roy.*"

And the other, of silver, was inscribed thus;

"Duc de Chevereuse me garde."

This circumstance must have been of some antiquity, as Mr. Tempest was cotemporary with Mr. Barlow, the celebrated engraver of birds and beasts, very early in the last century, who also made an improved copy from the drawing with which we have been favoured. As that copy has been lost in the lapse of time, our effort must be the more acceptable, and we trust our artist will not be found inferior in the executive part to any performance of that justly celebrated master.

It may be objected that the Eagle is not a bird used by the sportsmen in pursuit of his pleasures, but this must vanish, when it is recollected that the Eagle was long used for that purpose, before the hawk or falcon was thought of; and for this we have the authority of some of the best writers on the subject, particularly Mr. Somervile.

"In earlier times, monarchs of eastern race,
In their full blaze of pride, as story tells,
Train'd up th' imperial Eagle, sacred bird!
Hooded with jingling bells, she perch'd on high."

But above all, the authority of Monsieur De Thou has set the use of the Royal Eagle in the chase beyond dispute or controversy.

FEAST

Royal Eagle.

Pub. July 1. 1806, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

AN attorney, in presenting a copy of a writ to an auctioneer at Brighton, not long since, apologized for his unfriendly visit, and concluded with hoping the other would not be offended, as he was merely performing an upleasant duty of his profession.—"Certainly not," said the auctioneer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I to mine."—This said, he instantly *knocked him down*.

A BIBLICAL correspondent states, that the second verse of the 22d chapter of the first book of Samuel, completely describes the fashionable rout given by the lady of a minister of state, on the fourth of June:—"And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men."

ANECDOTE of George Alexander Stevens.—Once, when in an itinerant company at Lynn, in Norfolk, he had to perform the part of Lorenzo in the Merchant of Venice; but having previous to this played several nights to empty benches, he had much neglected the study of his part for that evening: however, he bustled through it tolerably well till he came to the last act, when he should have said to Jessica,

"In such a night as this Leander swam the Hellespont,
And brav'd the winds and waves for Hero's sake," &c.

Instead of which, he began thus:

"Oh! Jessica, on such a night as this the man
Swam over the water, and—he duck'd and he div'd,
And he div'd and he duck'd—and he got to the other side,
And there he met with his sweetheart, and she met him,
And then, you know, they met each other."

There was no standing this—the audience smoked the business, and an universal hiss was the consequence. Stephens, highly nettled at this, resolved to leave the town in a blaze; took Jessica by the hand, and leading her forward, addressed the audience thus:—

"Oh! Jessica, on such a night as this we came to town,
And since that night we've touch'd but half-a-crown;
Let you and I then bid these folks good night,
For if we stay—damme! they'll starve us quite."

ADDISON says, that a dog has been the companion of man for 3000 years, and has only learned of him his vices—that is, to worry his species when he finds them in distress. Tie a saucepan to a dog's tail, and another will fall on him—clap a man into prison for debt, and another will lodge a detainer against him.

WE are daily told of the number of French *quartered on* the Germans; but if the King of Prussia had done his duty, they would have been *quartered by* the Germans.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BOXING.—Tuesday, the 17th inst. a bruising match took place at Willesden Green, between Dockerty and Wall, two pugilists of little note. It was a clumsy and unskilful business. The former was declared the conqueror. Another battle followed between young Ryan and Clark. It was a contest between science and bottom. Clark bore a severe beating for an hour and ten minutes, when he was obliged to yield to the superior skill of his antagonist.

ON Tuesday, the 10th instant, a pitched battle was fought in a field at Lakenham, in Norfolk, between Pegg, of Eaton, and Tompson, of Ber-street, for a small sum.—The contest continued twenty-five minutes, when victory declared for the first-named champion. Pegg was the stronger man of the two, and although he received many severe blows, and was much cut about the face, he contented himself with standing as much as he could on the defensive for about 20 minutes, till Thompson began to be exhausted; Pegg then took his turn, and attacked his antagonist with such vigour that it was obvious Thompson must give in, which he did soon after.

A FEW days since, a journeyman blacksmith engaged himself to work for a master at Sedlescombe, near Westfield, Sussex; who, having a little knowledge of the fistic science, persuaded his employer, that he was no less a person than the Game Chicken; that he was come into the country, *incognito*, to pick up a few grains at the barn doors; and that he had already engaged to fight a country professor of pugilism, in Battle Park, whom he should lick with the greatest ease imaginable! The gaping smith, with "eager haste, while on the anvil did his iron cool," swallowed his servant's news, and deposited in his hands a considerable sum of money to advance the stakes, and bet upon the conflict; but on the night preceding the *set-to*, the pretended Chicken *set off*, taking all the money his too-credulous master had intrusted him with, and has not since been heard of!

SPARRING.—The monthly exhibition of pugilistic science took place on Monday, the 23d instant, at the Fives-court, in St. Martin's-street, for the benefit of Elias Sprey and Gulley. The company was more numerous than at the former exhibitions, and amongst whom were the whole of the gentlemen who patronize the art of bruising. Most of the celebrated fighting men exhibited, and the following couples afforded the best diversion:—Young Belcher and Crib, Ryan and Richman, Gulley and Pittoon, Young Belcher and O'Donnel. Elias Sprey was much inferior to Jem Belcher in setting to. The general topic between the intervals of setting to, was respecting the match between Young Belcher and Dutch Sam.—The money would have been staked for this contest some time since, but the amateur who backed Belcher

cher in the last fight, is now become the friend of Sam, and he offers to back him for not less than £200. Belcher is ready to fight for 50 or £100, for which sum he can get backed, even as a loser. Sam vauntingly said publicly in the court, that he could beat Belcher without a scratched face; but Belcher offered to go and fight him in the first field they came to, or in that spot at that moment, for ten guineas; but this Sam refused.

BERKS the bruiser, Henry Beach, a well-known character, and another person, were charged on Saturday, the 21st instant, at Bow-street, with robbing a man of a guinea and a five-pound note. The prosecutor, a baker, fell into company with the three prisoners on Friday, the 20th, in Tottenham-court road, and they prevailed on him, as one of their countrymen, to go and drink. A pot of porter was called for at a public-house; and, on the prosecutor pulling out a guinea to pay for it, the same was snatched from him. He, by various stratagems, was induced to take out a five-pound note to pay for the porter, which Berks snatched from him; and after putting a fictitious paper, resembling a Bank-note, into his hand, he made off. Fortunately an alarm was given, and the three prisoners were secured.

JONATHAN and Henry Oldfield were on Tuesday the 24th instant brought before the sitting magistrates at Bow-street, charged by Robert Holloway with having no visible means of livelihood, and supporting themselves entirely by gambling. Holloway was the only witness; but his evidence was objected to, on the ground that he had been convicted with William Priddle and Stephen Stephens, of a conspiracy against Edward Crossley, whereby he had become infamous in law.—This point was argued at great length by Mr. Bolland, counsel for the Oldfields, and by Holloway on his own behalf. The magistrates entertained some doubts upon the question; and it was agreed that a case should be drawn up and laid before Mr. Garrow. The decision of the case was postponed till that gentleman's opinion shall have been obtained.—A daily paper says: the above examination being highly interesting to the sporting world, there was a very crowded assemblage of *flats* and *sharps*, *rooks* and *pigeons*!

ON Monday evening, the 16th instant, there was a wrestling match on Panxworth Green, Norfolk, before a large concourse of spectators. The champion of the field was a young man of the name of Green, of Beighton, not more than eighteen years of age, who challenged "all comers and goers" for any sum of money. He came off victorious from all his engagements. We rejoice to find that sports like this, and rural sports in general, are again becoming common, as nothing contributes so much to keep up the spirit, manliness, and character of the English people; nor do we think that young men of family and fortune can ever employ themselves to a better purpose, under certain restrictions, than in promoting so great and so national an object.

ON Friday, June 27th, died at Newmarket, after a lingering illness, Mr D. Fitzpatrick, a well-known jockey on the Turf.

CRICKET.—A grand match was played in Lord's Ground the end of last month, between ten gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club and J. Hampton, against eleven of the Woolwich Club, for 500gs, which was won by the former by seven

wickets.

wickets.—Six to four on the former at starting.

Another grand match was played in Lord's Ground on the second and third instant, for 1000 guineas, between ten gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, with T. Bentley, against ten of the Homerton Club, with Beldam, which was decided in favour of the former by nine wickets.—Six to four on Mary-le-bone at starting.

A third match for 1000 guineas was played in Lord's Ground, three days in the middle of this month, between nine of Hampshire, with Lord F. Beauclerk and Beldam, against eleven of England, and was won by the latter by 87 runs.—Six to four on Hants at starting.

On Tuesday, the 10th instant, a match was played on Bullingdon Green, near Oxford, between eleven gentlemen of the Bullingdon Club, and eleven gentlemen of that city, which was won by the former at one inning and thirty-one runs.

Thursday, the 12th inst. a long pending pedestrian match for a considerable bet, between Mr. Isaac Bolton and Mr. Abbot, both of Henley-upon-Thames, was decided in favour of Mr. Bolton, who won it with great ease.

On Monday evening, June 9, a youth of Norwich, for a trifling wager, undertook to swim from the Cow's Tower, near the horse barracks, to the Devil's Tower, by King-street gates, an extent of considerably more than a mile, which he accomplished fairly, and apparently without much fatigue.

A certain dashing nobleman on the turf has won to the tune of £40,000 from a young nobleman his relation. The cash not being forthcoming, the former has consented to become an annuitant for £4000.

Fraud.—A gentleman of fortune purchased a horse at Moorhouse's Livery Stables, Piccadilly, on Saturday, the 14 instant, for 75 guineas, and left it in care of the ostler until the following day, when he would send for it. A man of gentlemanlike appearance called at the stables on Monday, and inquired if the horse in question was not left there, as he was authorized by the gentleman, whom he represented as his friend, to take him with him. The horse was given up without the slightest suspicion of fraud, which was not discovered until the real owner came for his property on Wednesday.

A correspondent wishes us to notice and to reprobate that most abominable, cruel, and dangerous *sport*, of tying canisters to the tails of dogs, and letting them loose in the street. Two poor animals were lately served in this wanton manner at a public-house in Bath, to the great annoyance of the public, and the danger of their limbs; and what is worse, this very warm weather, the apprehension of producing canine madness.

The lodging-room of a man in St. Giles's became so extremely offensive since the commencement of the warm weather, that on Monday, the 16th inst. the landlord broke it open in his absence, when he found in it the carcases of fifteen flayed dogs. A watch was set upon his tenant, who was apprehended on his return to the apartment, with a fine shepherd's dog and some liver, with which he enticed the animal to his slaughter-house. The man, the fifteen dead dogs, and the shepherd's dog, as a living witness, were put into a cart and carried to Bow-street, where he was examined, and remanded for further examination.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ANACREONTIC.

Balnea vina Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra
At faciunt vitam, balnea, vina Venus.

WHEN sporting in the crystal wave
My pliant limbs I fondly lave,
And softly-breathing zephyrs shed
Arabian perfumes o'er my head,
In soft luxuriance I spend
The hour, nor wish that hour to end.

When filling high the mantling bowl,
With sparkling eye and flowing soul,
The eglantine and blushing rose
O'ershadowing my youthful brows,
" 'Tis thine to banish care, 'tis thine,"
I gaily cry, " great God of wine."

And, when enamour'd too, I sip
The nectar on my Rosa's lip,
And catching from her eye of fire
The thrilling joys of soft desire;
Or revelling in bliss supreme,
Upon her swelling bosom dream
Of joys which lovers only know—
The eager hope, the genial glow—
All other joys inferior prove,
All yield to Rosa and to love.

But when depriv'd of wonted strength,
I lay reclin'd in listless length;
And when, alas! my limbs no more
Can poise the gun or ply the oar,
In anguish to myself I sigh,
" Hence, syren voice of luxury!"

And when the rose which lately bloom'd,
Its perfume fled, to fade is doom'd;
When gliding by the joyous day,
In which we quaff'd the hours away?
In anger to the ground I throw
The chaplet which adorn'd my brow:
" Away, ye wither'd flow'rs!" I sigh,
" Ye bloom, like mortals, but to die,
In thee, my goblet, too, in vain
I quaff oblivion to pain,
For, like the rose I lately threw
Away, thou hast thy poison too,
More subtle than the thorn—thy pow'r
In vain puts off the fated hour,
When cares each blissful scene destroy,
And bid me ask—can this be joy?"

But if on other swains the maid
To whom each tender vow was paid,
Should deign to smile—oh! who can tell
The passions which my bosom swell?
No longer beams her eye of blue,
No longer charms her lip of dew;
Its brilliance and its sweets are fled,
But leave a bitter pang instead,
A pang incurable by art,
For who can heal a bleeding heart?
In solitude's retreats I rove,
And curse the hour I gave to love;
For there, in some sequester'd cell
With innocence alone I dwell;
My banquet, herbs and fruit compose,
My drink, the spring which gently flows;
Whilst free to others I resign
Luxurious joys, the sex, and wine.

Cambridge. J. C.

IMPROMPTU.

A THEATRICAL wag ask'd a friend t'other day,
If in Matthews he saw ought surprising?
" Why, I think," he replied, " in the comic and gay,
He's an actor that seems to be rising."

Quoth the wag, " think you so? then his fate I deplore,
For he stands nearly six feet already,
And if he continues to *rise* any more,
His footing will not be quite steady."

J. M. L.

THE WHIP;
OR,
A TOUCH OF THE TIMES.

Sent to Miss D...., with a whip made of a Rhinoceros's skin.

Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt........SENECA.

ERE modest virtue lost her way
Among the profligate and gay,
Few modes were us'd for travel;
Unknown to whip, or spur, or boot,
Each hardy Briton trudg'd on foot,
Through mud, bog, dust, and gravel.

'Twas then the fair, as story tells—
Ah! how unlike our modern belles—
Knew neither coach nor saddle;
No female Phaëtonians then
Surpass'd the boldest of our men
In gesture, look, and straddle;

But, form'd by nature's artless hand,
Blushes, 'tis said, at her command,
Oft stole o'er beauty's features:
No wife then scorn'd domestic sweets;
No daughter Jehu! scour'd the streets;
Good lack! what simple creatures!

Emerg'd at length from gothic rules,
Our fair-ones train'd in happier schools,
For blushes, now give fashion;
Each modest virtue thrown aside,
Behold, like men, erect, astride,
They drive! they whip! they dash on!

O may the glorious day arrive
When each bold lass her nag shall drive,
O'er hedges, gates, and ditches!
Despise the housewife's hateful lot,
And change the useless petticoat
For boots and buckskin breeches!

Yet, heterogeneous as they are,
Half man, half woman, half centaur,
Some grave folks dread infection:
See, Virtue trembling, flies the land,
Alas! 'gainst furious four-in-hand,
No common whip's protection.

Struck with the thought, I reason'd long—
"Eliza, poor thing's far from strong,
And yet she loves a canter:
Some fierce virago, high in blood,
May lay her sprawling in the mud,
Or in a hedge-row plant her.

What then remains the weak to shield?
Must freedom thus her charter yield?
Has beauty no defender?
Alas, no bosom swells with rage!—
There's nought in this bold dashing age,
But flogging, to befriend her!

Since lashing's then the *ton*, the tip,
And vict'ry now turns on the whip,
The toughest whip should win;
And, as we know in each hard bout,
"The toughest hide holds longest out,"
I'll find a whip of skin."

Pleas'd with the fancy, swift I sped;
Mad with the project in my head,
I rang'd half India o'er:
But hides well beat are seldom tough;
At last, a bit of precious stuff
I found on Afric's shore.

There, by his streams and tangling groves,
The huge Rhinoceros careless roves,
Though growls each savage nigh:
Undaunted, arm'd with horn and hide,
To ball and dart he turns his side,
Unheeded as they fly.

But what's the arm'd, the bold, the strong!
(Again we moralize our song)
If treach'ry aims the blow?
Ev'n Sampson fell by female wit,
And see! in subtle treach'ry's pit
The mighty beast lays low.

Thus fall'n by cunning's sneaking plot,
With joy they strip his horny coat;
'Twas wondrous to behold!
"By heavens!" I cried, "at length I've found
A skin that's proof 'gainst mortal wound,
'Tis worth its weight in gold!"

Torn from the side it lately grac'd,
A slice I cut with eager haste,
A tough tenacious slip;
And hurrying home to British land,
Gave it to Kelly in the Strand,*
Who form'd it to a whip.

* Whipmaker to the Prince of Wales.

Thus

Thus arm'd, with virtue on your side,
Unconquer'd reign, undaunted ride,
Nor fear e'en Lade or Archer.*
Some dame indeed may whoop and crack,
But let Rhinoceros touch her back,
It will both blue and starch her.

O could its virtues but repair
The lungs of thy half-winded mare,
How great would be thy glory!
From Dover town thy fame would trot,
E'en to the house of Johnny Grot,
In many a marv'lous story.

Then should we hear in clam'rous boast,
How one young fair-one rul'd the roast,
As Petty rules the nation.
Made female jockies bounce and skip,
And by the pow'r of one fam'd whip,
Flogg'd vice from freedom's nation.

But since, alas! no cure we know,
Since Phil† must puff, or you move slow
Mark well a friend's direction.
Hold fast the reins of female pride,
Whip ev'ry coxcomb from your side,
To listen is—infection.

Yet should the man of worth possest,
Fair candour glowing in his breast,
Confess thy pow'r of charms;
List to his tale, be frank, be kind,
Unfashion'd, blush to love refin'd,
And whip—into his arms!

* Sir John Lade and Lady Archer, two of the most celebrated phaeton drivers in England.

† Eliza's mare.

BEAUTY.

PRAY did you never hear it said,
By those who felt and fear'd,
That nothing could impart such dread
As beauty with a beard?"

"Why, yes, I have, and what is more,
I heard a foolish frump,
Once praise, until his lungs seem'd sore,
A beauty with a hump.

Another, too, by Cupid struck,
Let plenteous praises fly,
Because he lov'd—such was his luck,
A beauty with one eye.

One more there was, who lov'd a maid,
Both beautiful and young;
Alas! to wed he was afraid,
To beauty with a tongue."

J. M. L.

THE LIFE OF A SQUIRE.

WHAT life is so happy as that of a Squire,
Who nothing in this world can find to admire
Like a hound that runs swift, and a horse that won't tire?
Such, such is the life of a Squire;
Such, such is the life of a Squire.

In the morning he's rous'd by five, or before,
With the sound of the horn, and sleek Roan at the door,
When he mounts, and by name calls all the pack o'er.
Such, such, &c.

O'er hedges and ditches he leaps without fear,
For nothing but death will e'er stop his career,
Tho' oft he pays for his sport very dear.
Such, such, &c.

If pussy by twelve should be just hunted down,
He scampers away to the next country town;
Quite hungry and dirty alights at the Crown.
Such, such, &c.

A toast and October, well season'd with spice,
The landlord presents him, with good wholsome advice,
To "swallow that tankard," now down in a trice.
Such, such, &c.

With this strong recruit he begins a new chase,
Whilst the liquor adds collour to his jolly face,
Who thinks a pale cheek is a mark of disgrace.
Such, such, &c.

He brings home a few honest fellows to dine,
On a buttock of beef, or a large mutton chine;
With a rasher of bacon, to relish their wine.
Such, such, &c.

When dinner is ended, the glass moves about;
The bowl, still replenish'd, he often sees out;
For drinking alone will make a man stout.
Such, such, &c.

The ladies he leaves to quadrille and their tea,
'Fore such squeamish creatures what man can be free;
With a friend of all fours he'll better agree.
Such, such, &c.

The wine it goes down, with healths and with toasts,
Of the navy of Britain each Englishman boasts;
They then go to supper on good boil'd and roast.
Such, such, &c.

Around, after supper, the bottle fresh goes,
With, "God save the king, and confound all his foes,"—
Until he retires to refreshing repose.
Such, such, &c.

Wisbech. R. S.

THE DEBTOR.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.

A YOUTH, good-natur'd, kind, and free,
Who sought the love of all, like me,
Was known by all the tonish train,
Who tread the turf or throw a main;"
Vows, pro and con, from all were fervent,
And each subscrib'd "your friend and servant."

One morn, o'er head and ears in debt,
As forth he slowly walked, he met
Two bailiffs at Spring-garden gate,
And skulks to shun impending fate;
He stops, he starts, he racks his wits,
He pants, he smiles, and frowns by fits;
And to mislead pursuing duns,
Through many a lane and alley runs.

Till coming to a comrade's shop,
He thought secure with him to stop;
But ere he could his aid implore,
He sunk exhausted at the door.

"Let me avoid, my friend, with you,
Those wretches that my steps pursue:
You know what woes with bailiffs' dwell;
I see thy breast with pity swell."
The tradesman answer'd—"I confess
I'm much concern'd at your distress;
But, prithee, droop not—some there be
Can give you what you ask of me."

He next a nobler friend implor'd,
And thus replied the fickle lord—
"Since my professions plainly prove
My real friendship and my love,
I may presume, without offence,
To tell you what invites me hence;
To meet my Caroline just now,
I really made a solemn vow;
Now I have broke so many score,
I am resolv'd to break no more!
And as you own your lack of pelf,
I'll own I'm much in debt myself.
Harm watch, harm catch, fast bind, fast find,
I can't assist, though much inclin'd."

He now drew near his tailor's cot—
"Avaunt!" cried he, "approach me not;
I was your friend, am not so still,
As witnesseth your half-year's bill;
Your shoemaker may use you better,
He once, you know, was much your debtor."

The shoemaker of "times" complain'd,
And of the burthens he sustain'd;
Said he was poor, deplor'd his case,
And he too fear'd the tipstaff race.

"On one," he cried, "I will depend;
My uncle's steward sure will lend,
To save from goal a long-lov'd friend."
"Shall I," replied the prudent man,
"Affront so dangerous a clan?
Were I to lose my place for thee,
Who'd keep my wife and family?
Stronger and richer friends are thine,
Compare their envied state with mine;
Excuse me, then, doubt not my love;
I wish you well; I do, by Jove!
I'm sure each friend thy sorrow feels—
The bailiffs, see, are at your heels."